

**"WHETHER IT PAID." A New Serial, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,**  
in this number of Home Magazine.

MAY,

1865.



Vol. XIV.

No. 5.

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,  
323 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TERMS—\$2.50 per annum, in advance. 3 copies for \$6. 5 copies, and one to getter-up of club.

## Contents of Home Magazine, May, 1865.

MUSIC—Sunset Polka.....	282
MERCY'S MISTAKE. By Author of "Watching and Waiting".....	285
WHAT WOULD I BE. By EMMA PASSMORE.....	292
WITHOUT AN AIM. By MINNIE W. MAY.....	293
CHRIST'S LITTLE CHILDREN. By BELLA ST. AUBYN.....	298
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.....	301
CAMPAIGN SKETCHES. No. 5. By an Officer of the U. S. Signal Corps.....	303
A PECULIAR MINISTER. By ELLEN DERRY.....	308
HOME. By H.....	311
LITTLE AMY. By P. H. E.....	312
WHETHER IT PAID. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Chapters III. and IV.....	313
LAY SERMONS:	
Cast Down, but not Destroyed. By T. S. Arthur.....	323
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:	
Which? By M. D. R. B.....	325
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:	
The Old Country House. By Virginia F. Townsend.....	326
HEALTH DEPARTMENT:	
Familiar Lectures on the Teeth. No. 5. By Henry S. Chase, M. D.....	328
THE HOME CIRCLE:	
Tom in Philadelphia—The Mourning of France for Washington—Tact—Epitaphs—Rebuked—"Kissing a Sunbeam"—A Gain to Morals—No Wonder—"Forgot himself"—Cheap Parlors—A Distinction—Enigmas, Charades, &c.....	329
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:	
To Pickle Oysters—To Dye a Fine Blue—Honey Cake—Pickled Eggs—Copying Writing—Ginger Cakes.....	335
TOILET AND WORK TABLE:	
Fashions.....	335
NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	336
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT:	
Vacant Rooms—The Future of Rebels—Our New Minister to France.....	337
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT:.....	338

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Steel Engraving—Watt's First Conception of the Steam Engine.</li> <li>2. My Ain Fireside.</li> <li>3. Insertion—Names for Marking—Design for Child's Dress.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4. Fancy Work-bag—Grape-vine Pattern for Child's Dress.</li> <li>5. Embroidered Band—Corner of Handkerchief—Muslin Embroidery.</li> <li>6. Lavender-colored Alpaca, with Trimmings of Fluted Ruffles.</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

## HOME ON A FURLOUGH.

This beautiful STEEL ENGRAVING, painted by Schussele and engraved by Sartain, is having an immense sale, and is considered by all who have seen it as one of the finest specimens of engraving ever gotten out in this country.

### EVERY SOLDIER'S FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A COPY.

#### Every Loyal Household Should Have a Copy.

In fact every family who has a father, husband, or son, battling for his country, will appreciate and should possess

### HOME ON A FURLOUGH.

It will always be a beautiful memorial of the anxious days and years of rebellion and war. This Engraving is sold exclusively by agents.

### DISABLED SOLDIERS

and others will find this the most pleasant and profitable agency they can undertake. We give exclusive territory, and will give particulars of agency on application.

We print this plate on a 19 by 24 sheet, suitable for framing, and will send a specimen copy by mail free, on receipt of the price, \$2.50, which is about one half the price usually charged for engravings of this character.

For particulars address

**BRADLEY & CO., Publishers,**

No. 66 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

As a work of art this engraving stands among the highest of American productions, and is a gem fitted not only to adorn and beautify the American home, but it speaks volumes to every loyal heart.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

To the thousands of families in which we trust its scenes are to be soon repeated, by a happy return from the wars of loved members, this engraving will have an interest even greater than its high artistic value, and we predict for it an extensive sale.—*Rochester Evening Express.*

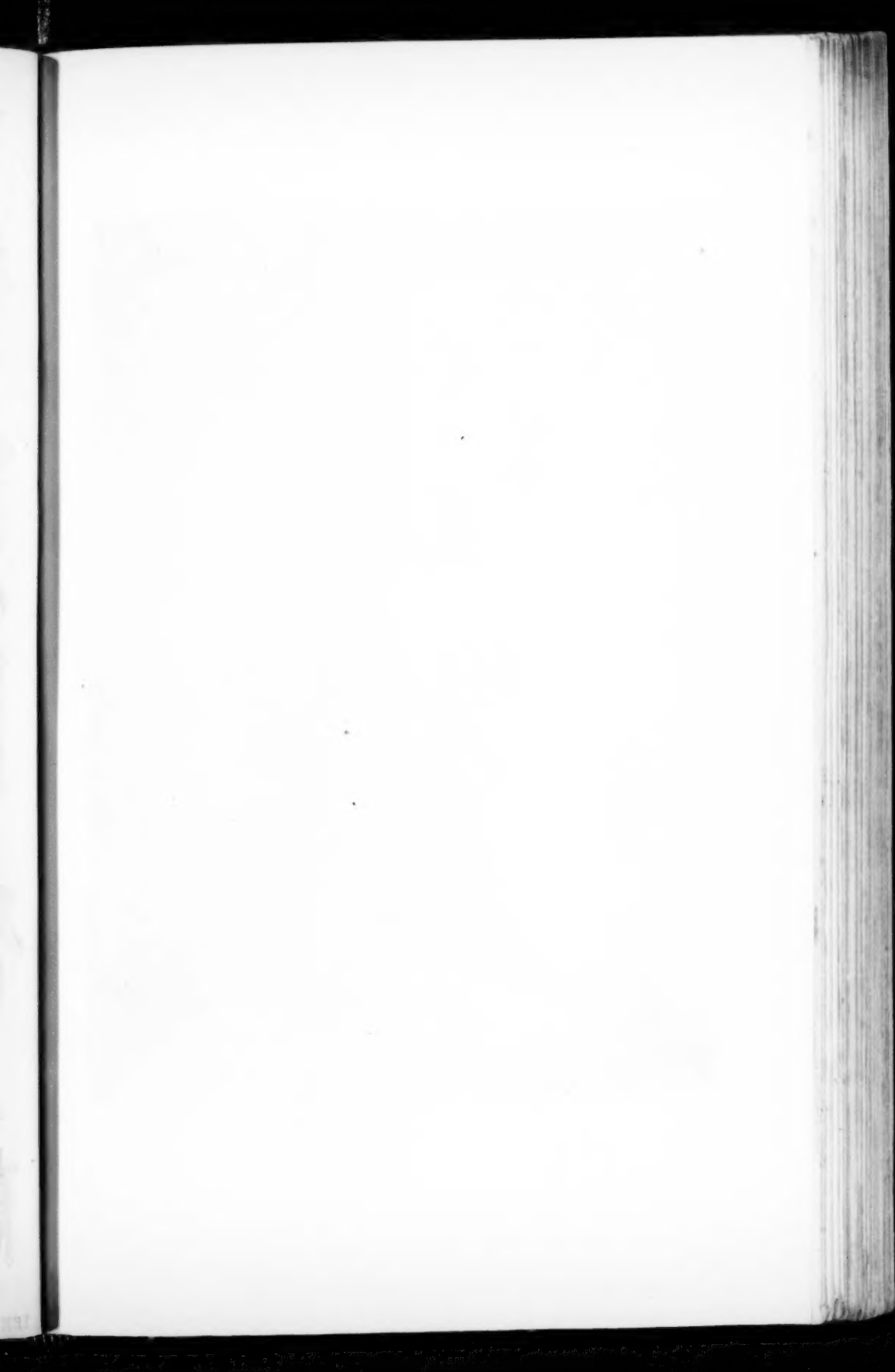
We recommend this touching picture to all friends of the brave soldier. As a work of art it is very fine. Sartain's name appended to it is a sufficient guarantee of this. Moreover it is truly an

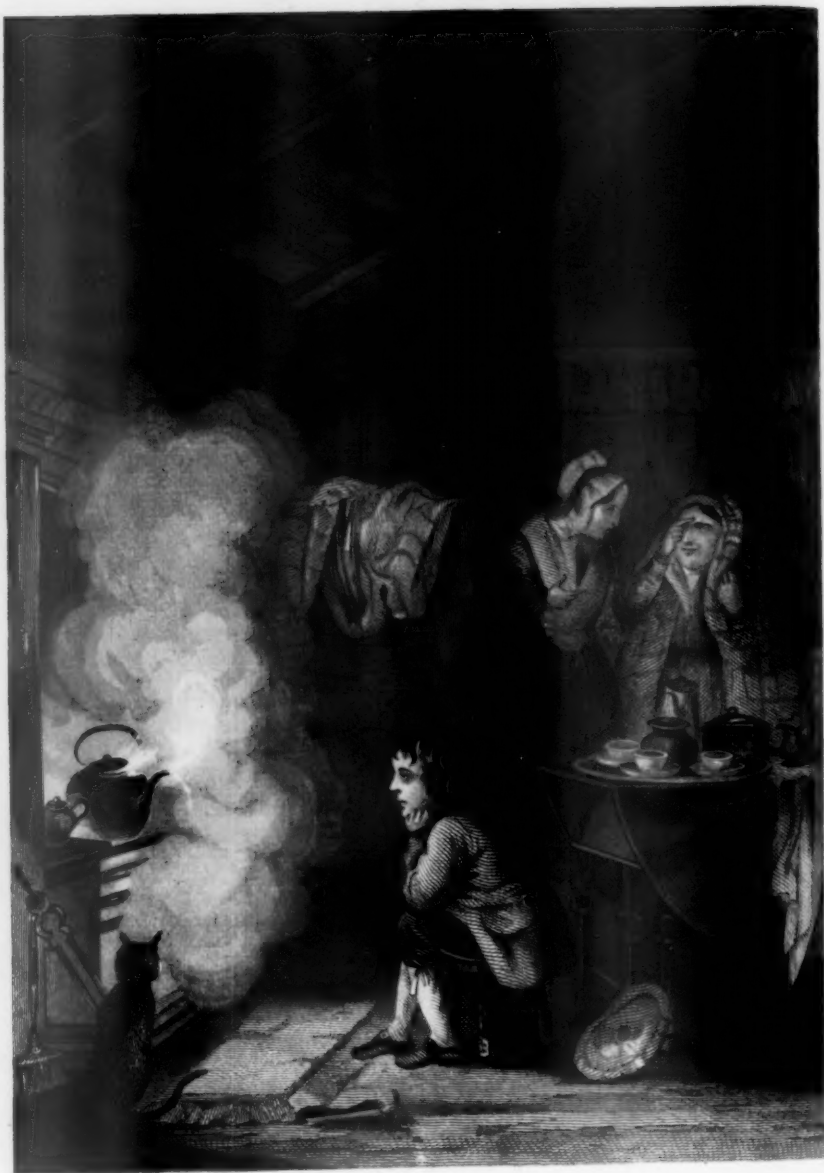
American picture, and as such, commends itself to all the patriotic and the loyal.—*Rochester Democrat.*

"HOME ON A FURLOUGH" is a picture that may be placed in almost every house in the land, as an appropriate memento of one who is away to the war, and the great lesson it teaches, of fidelity to Country and to Home, will be ample compensation for the cost of its purchase.—*New York Tribune.*

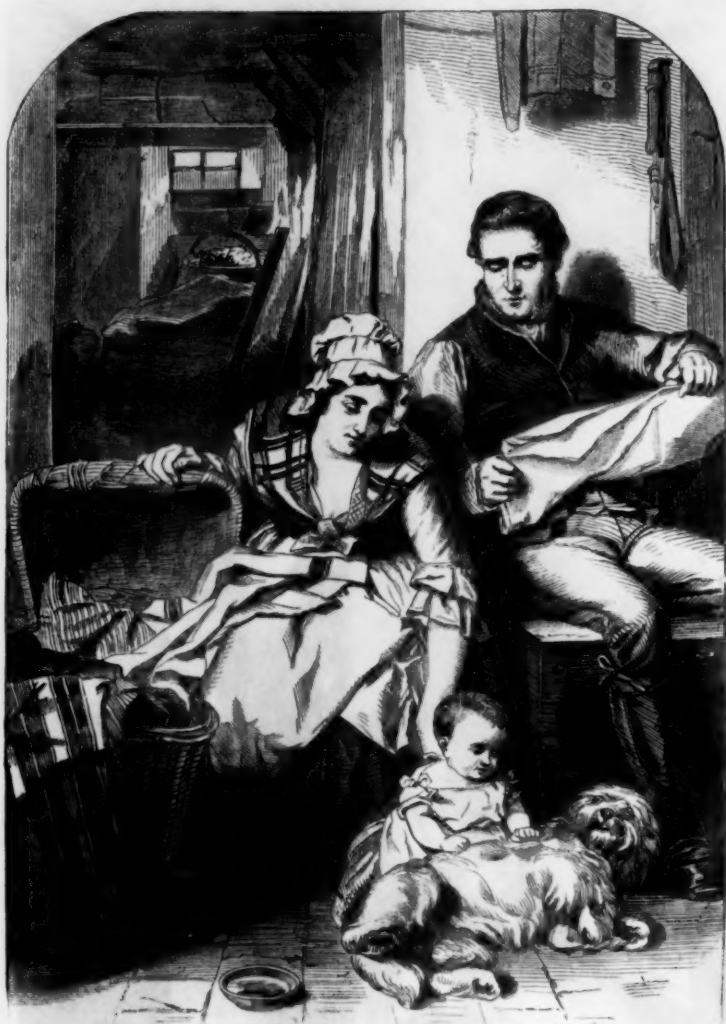
It will adorn thousands of loyal homesteads.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The grouping of the figures is graceful and beautiful, beyond criticism, reflecting much credit upon the Artist, SCHUSSELE, of this city. The engraving is admirably executed by SARTAIN.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



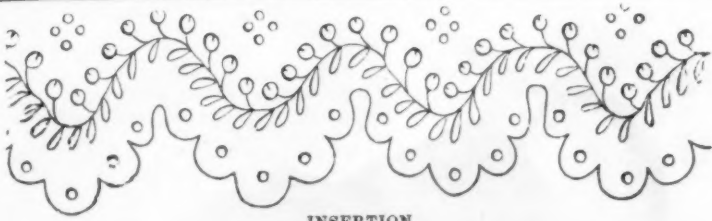






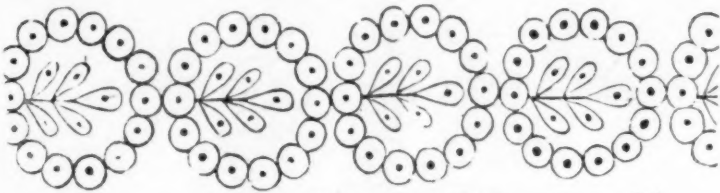
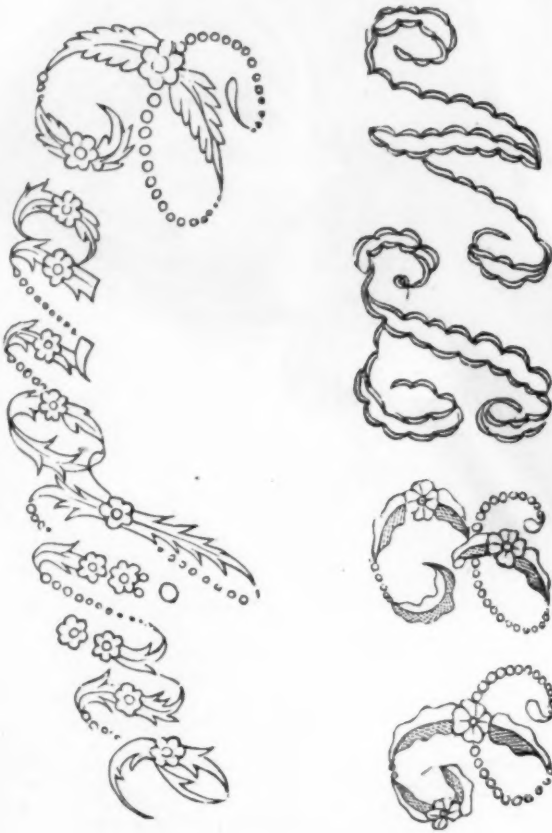
MY AIN FIRESIDE.





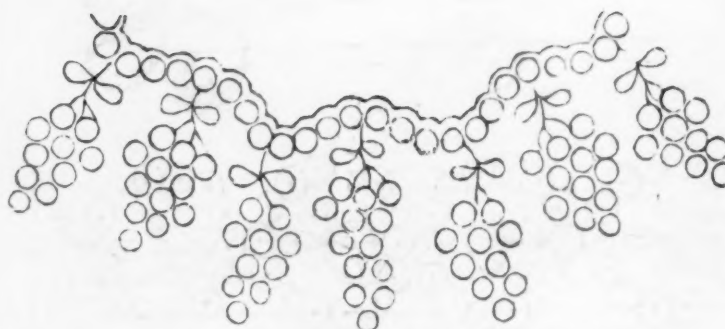
INSERTION.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



DESIGN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

FANCY WORK-BAG. See page 335.

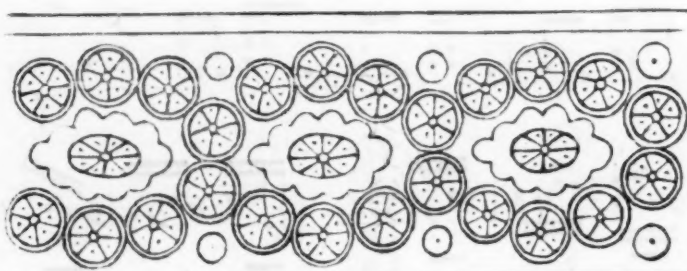




EMBROIDERED BAND.



CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF.



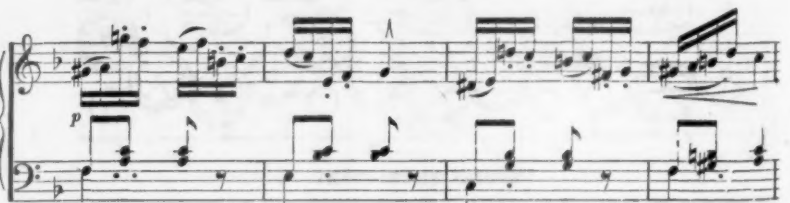
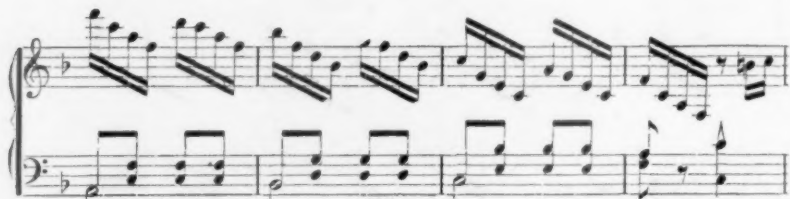
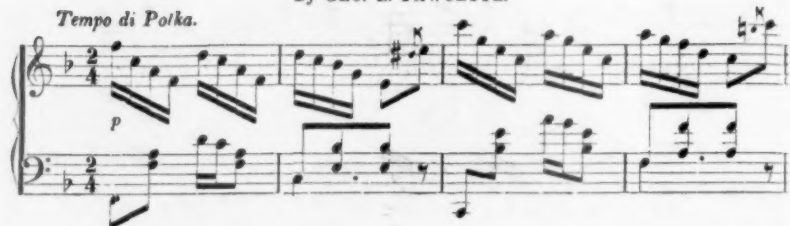
MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.

# SUNSET POLKA

Composed for the Piano Forte for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

By GEO. E. FAWCETTE.

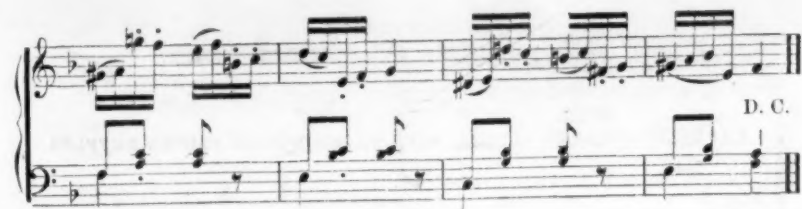
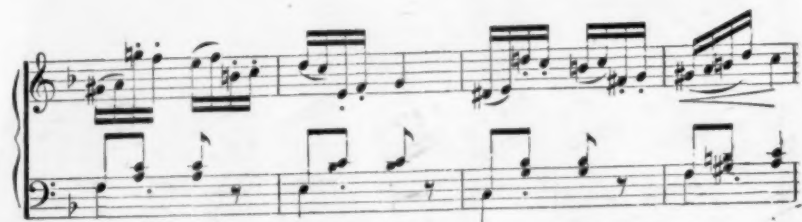
*Tempo di Polka.*





SUNSET POLKA.

283





LAVENDER-COLORED ALPACA, WITH TRIMMINGS OF FLUTED RUFFLES.

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1865.

## MERCY'S MISTAKE.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"God created us one, Mercy. We shall defy the heavenly laws if we marry not together." That was what he said, and his voice was so low and tremulous with feeling, his eyes so full of love, the pressure of his hand so thrillingly tender—I cannot forget—I cannot forget.

Pretty Mercy Dean dropped her head upon the window-ledge, and looked out absently at the round May moon, coming up goldenly over the eastern hills, and dreamed such dreams as romantic maids of seventeen will.

In the vine-wreathed porch beneath, the deacon and his wife were talking monotonously of the weather, of the crops, of Sam Gardner's purchase of the Bradley farm, and of David Simpson's offer for the sorrel colt; down the green lane the widow Smith's cow tinkled her bell musically as she snipped off the tender, juicy blades of fresh-grown grass, and a lonely whippoorwill in the bordering thicket was calling his name industriously, while from a neighboring mill-pond came the grave croakings and shrill pipings of a frog-congress in its stormy spring session, full of fierce debates and violent disputings, which the deep-voiced cries of "Order! order! order!" from the formally-elected and duly-acknowledged speaker of the pond were quite powerless to quell, though adding vastly to the general confusion.

All these sounds did Mercy hear without heeding—foolish little Mercy, gazing moonward, while with flaming cheeks, misty, dream-

ing eyes, and softly thrilling heart, she recalled the low, impassioned words and the bewildering love glances of her new adorer, thinking, with a breathless sort of ecstasy, of the stolen kiss that had kindled an hour before the not yet extinguished fire in her pretty, sparkling face.

Something in this latter memory seemed to disquiet Mercy.

"If it wasn't for John," she murmured to herself, with a half smothered feeling of guilt and shame.

Now "John" was Mercy's lover from childhood, her former-time wooer and later-time winner, whom, with the pleased consent of the worthy deacon, her father, and the smiling approval of the equally worthy deaconess, her mother, she had promised to marry on her eighteenth birthday, Lord willing, as the deacon, according to the injunction of Apostle James, very properly subjoined.

Latterly, Mercy had taken it into her vain head that the Supreme Powers were adverse to the fulfilment of her vows, and had persuaded herself that it was not in the eternal decrees that she should marry John Grant, the joiner, fate having some better thing in store for her than the minding of John's house, the cooking of John's dinners, and the sewing of John's buttons, which labors she had once looked forward to as the crowning privileges of her life.

Recently, Mercy had discovered that John was not "congenial"—a fault unpardonable

by persons of sentiment—and that there were no “answering chords” in John’s heart, a lamentable fact, as all must concede, considering the relation in which the young man stood to Mercy.

“There is no affinity of soul between us John,” she had said, the last time she saw him, and the simple-minded carpenter had looked at her aghast, troubled by her dissatisfied tone, and puzzled by the ambiguousness of her words, which were borrowed from a sentimental romance, lying at that moment behind a great chest of drawers in the farmhouse kitchen, where Mercy, hearing her father’s heavy step in the back entry, had ingloriously thrust it, fixing her eyes demurely on the long seam of the sheet in which her needle had stuck idly for the last half hour. For the deacon condemned, in strong language, “them silly novel books” that had superseded the thrilling attractions of “Fox’s Book of Martyrs,” and “Baxter’s Saints’ Rest,” to say nothing of the adventures of honest Bunyan’s Pilgrims, all of which the good man believed to be literally true, though he had never been able, with the most diligent search of Mercy’s school maps, to locate the City of Destruction, a failure which he mentally attributed to ignorance or oversight in the topographers.

No. Deacon Dean didn’t approve of reading “fictitious works”—not he. He had talked seriously of ordering the discontinuance of his county paper, since the editor had “got to printing so many of them nonsensical stories to pizen young folks’ minds;” but it was a curious fact to note that, having given a hurried glance at deaths, marriages, and sundry local items, the deacon turned invariably to the little sketch beneath the “Poets’ Corner,” no doubt with the desire to know what new snare the devil had been spreading to catch unwary feet.

Mercy’s course of reading, as directed by the deacon, had been limited to brief biographies of unnaturally pious young women, who, almost without exception, had died in early youth, which latter circumstance had somewhat checked life-loving Mercy’s aspirations for goodness, making her fearful lest, by too closely imitating the transcendent virtues of these heavenly-minded damsels, she should court a fate that always seems dark and chilling to young, healthful, happy natures.

But a new world of passion and sentiment had opened to the deacon’s daughter with the reading of a few high-pressure novels, bor-

rowed from her dear friend, Susan Miller, and a hidden away in secret places, to be devoured at unseasonable hours, when the deacon and his wife lay quietly sleeping, unconscious of the “evil powers” at work in the little attic overhead.

Dame Dean had noticed a change in Mercy of late. “She didn’t appear to relish her vittles,” the good woman said, “and didn’t take hold of work hearty-like as she used to.”

Worthy Dame Dean, without one spark of sentiment, couldn’t comprehend the nature of the reveries into which Mercy fell over her dish-washing and butter-working; nor conceive what possible enjoyment there could be in leaning, of an evening, against the rough trunk of the gillyflower apple-tree, looking up steadfastly at “the moon and stars,” as was Mercy’s new-formed habit, quite regardless of the warning she had so frequently received that night dews were hurtful; and so the good matron, casting about for some solution of her daughter’s mysterious behaviour, could only come to the conclusion that she was under concern of mind, and that she felt herself to be a child of wrath, death, and damnation, sold into bondage by original sin, and utterly incapable of doing anything to merit salvation, which state of feeling one might naturally suppose a sufficient explanation and apology for any mental aberration and insanity of conduct whatever.

About this time Mercy, who had been initiated into the science of botany during her last term at the village academy, began to take long rambles in search of subjects for analysis, a pastime which the deacon rather encouraged, it being, as he remarked, “a useful thing for women to know the nature and power of arbs,” though he was somewhat astonished at the long names Mercy gave to common plants, laughing outright when, plucking a homely weed, she told him with a learned air, that it was a specimen of *Eupatorium Hyssopifolium*.

“Nonsense, child!” cried the not to be deceived deacon. “It’s nothin’ but a sprig of boneset, useful in colds, and proper good for coughs, I’ve hearn your mother say.”

Mrs. Dean had observed that Mercy always came home from her botanical excursions with a brilliant flush in her cheeks, and the worthy lady began to think there really must be something highly beneficial to health in “plenty of exercise in the open air,” about which there was so much said in the new-fangled doctor books; though, to be sure, in her day, between

the carding and spinning, and weaving of tow, and linen, and wool, girls didn't get much time to chase about the woods and fields, pulling posies, and gathering moss and stones, and such like rubbish, and they grew up into stouter, healthier women than could be found in the present generation, too. Girls practising "gymnastic exercises" in her day would have been thought dead crazy, and to have slept in a room with the windows wide open would have been reckoned certain death, Dame Dean affirmed, shaking her head emphatically over extracts from Drs. Lewis and Hall, who thereupon retired, greatly abashed, under cover of the Sniffletown Sentinel, to the top shelf of the corner cupboard, there to await their turn to fill the office of waste paper.

But the roses that blossomed in Mercy's cheeks, upon those occasions, were not planted there by exercise and fresh air; they were the fiery blood-red roses of passion, cast up by the tumultuous beatings of her heart as she bent her ear to catch the whispered flatteries of Oscar Milburn, (a softer name than John Grant), who, as it appears, was the rare botanical specimen for which she perseveringly searched hill, dale, and wood, returning day after day, with empty hands, in token of her ill success—for what could the poor maid do? Can the *genus homo* be pressed, dried and pasted into herbariums for future reference and exhibition?

Ah, Mercy, Mercy!

But Oscar had such "dark languishing eyes," (John Grant's were common blue) and such a winning tongue—Oh, he talked exactly like Don Carlos in the "Pirate Captain's Prize: A tale of Love, Murder, Mystery, and Passion;" and then those stolen meetings were so deliciously sweet, for all the world like those of Adolphus and Angelina, in "Parted Lovers; or the Cruel Guardian."

Silly little Mercy! Yes, wise people. But have patience, pray. Have you got so far from your youth that you have forgotten the foolishness that was in your thought, if not in your act? You might pity the child. She was weak, inexperienced, highly impressible, and at that dangerous age when the heart is overflowing with passion and sentiment, which the head, without reason and judgment, is unable to direct and control. She could not discriminate between the true and the false—poor Mercy. Her understanding was confused, and her natural good sense, for a time, stupefied by the unhealthy reading in which she had secretly indulged. And for this latter sin

she was not deserving of such severe censure as would at first appear. Her mind craved other food than was furnished by the deacon's meagre library, (which was arranged with a gradual ascent from the least to the greatest, every book describing an exact perpendicular line on a little shelf in the "square front room,") and it was her misfortune, poor child, that the works which fell into her hands were not of a character calculated to elevate thought, and make the heart purer and better. In the exciting pages of those low-toned fictions, which it were bestowing a favor on the authors, and a blessing on the world, to sweep into the sea—she found the shadow of something for which her nature was hungrily yearning, and with a passionate avidity, that redoubled their power to work her harm, she devoured all that came in her way, and still unsatisfied, (for who was ever yet satisfied with feeding on husks?) clamored greedily for more. There was only one way to counteract the evil influences which these worthless productions had gained over her mind, and that was to replace them with works of a purer and loftier kind, (of which, thank Heaven, we have not a few,) but Mercy had no kind, wise friend, who understanding her nature and her needs, could direct her choice in this matter.

But where did we leave the child? Verily, gazing at the moon, with her head leaning out of the window, in reckless defiance of Dame Dean's pestilent night dews. But the deacon, barring the outer doors, and drawing forth the round stand, on which the well-worn Bible always lay, has forestalled us in breaking up his daughter's idle dreams, by bidding her come down to prayers.

The deacon had some church business in hand that night, and the deaconess had run down to Davy Simpson's to give the young wife some neighborly assistance and advice in household matters. Mercy sat alone in the doorway, enjoying the sweetness of the delicious May evening, when John Grant, returning from his day's labor, swung open the creaking gate, and walking leisurely up the narrow path paused with one foot upon the step to wish her good evening. Mercy returned the greeting coldly, as she rose and ceremoniously invited him to enter.

"Oh, no, thank you, Mercy," said informal John, dropping down upon the threshold, and drawing Mercy's chair nearer to the door. "Sit down again, please. There's no mosquitoes yet to drive us in-doors."



Mercy resumed her seat with a face expressive of extreme disgust. Musquitoes. Fancy Don Carlos talking to his "heart's idol" of musquitoes. But John was so dreadfully matter of fact.

"I have been making a draft of *our house*, Mercy," said the young man, drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, and spreading it out in a position to receive the full benefit of the fading light. "I want you to examine it and see if you can suggest any alterations. It must suit you exactly, you know."

"It's nothing to me, John. Make it to suit yourself," answered Mercy, loftily, scarcely deigning to look at the sketch.

"Nothing to you? Now don't talk that way, Mercy. After we're married you'll be scolding like enough, because I put the pantry in the wrong place, and made the sitting-room too large, and the closets too small, and the chambers too low, and the windows too narrow; but I hope you'll always scold with a laugh in your eyes, as you do now, Mercy. Come, let's plan the house together. I've engaged lumber, and am going right on to building as soon as I've finished this job for Squire Hatten. Why, it's only six months till our wedding-day, Mercy."

John looked up with a bright smile, but Mercy's face was cold and unanswering.

How all this practical talk—so different from anything she had read in novels—grated upon her ear. Not so did Rudolph Hairbrain talk to his adored Delphina; and not in the least like this did Oscar Milburn speak of the future that should be theirs if she would but break the "hateful ties" that bound her to that "plodding carpenter," and be his own "blest bride." So shockingly prosaic a thing as a plan for the construction of a wooden house had never entered into their sweet discourses; their lofty and poetic thought, soaring above the things of this sublunary world, could not be brought down to the contemplation of anything so grossly material, and the most direct reference made to a place of abode was "some rosy bower," or that "bright little isle," which has been the goal of all sentimental lovers' aspirations ever since Mr. Moore sang of it.

"You don't seem interested, Mercy," said John, with a disappointed air, beginning to tear the paper he held into little shreds. "The thought has occurred to me several times of late that you didn't love me quite as well as you used to, but I—it hurts me to doubt you, my dear."

No response from Mercy, though her face worked visibly in the dim light.

John looked at her doubtfully. "There's something I thought I'd never mention to you, Mercy—it seems a sort of insult to speak of it—but your strange behaviour drives me to it.

Two or three weeks ago, Jo. Hatten, who had been out gunning, dropped into the shop where I was at work to boast of the fine game he had bagged. 'And by the way, John,' he said, 'I caught a thief among your cherries that I had a good notion to bring down, too.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Only that Oscar Milburn, the worthless scamp, is courting the deacon's pretty daughter down by Willow Spring, with a fair prospect of success, I should judge,' he answered, in a tone that made my blood boil, it seemed to cast such reproach on you, Mercy. I half lifted my arm to fling the chisel I held at his head, but the action brought me to my senses, and I merely pointed him to the door. 'That's gratitude,' he said, with a laugh, as he went out, 'but just what a bringer of bad tidings might expect.' Now I never placed a particle of faith in the story, for I am not one bit jealous; but—Mercy! how white you are. I have offended you by repeating this coarse jest—forgive—why, Mercy! now your face is all on fire. It—it looks like guilt. Mercy—Mercy Dean! is this thing true?"

The girl struggled to free her hands from the strong clasp in which her excited lover had seized them.

"You have no right to question me, John Grant. You are not my master, yet," she said, passionately.

"No, Mercy, I'm not your master, and never will be. But I *am* your promised husband, and I *have* a right to know whether you are true or false to me," answered sturdy John.

"I will not answer you! You are a tyrant, and always were."

"How can you say that, my dear?"

"My dear!" It was always "Mercy," and "my dear," in exactly the same tone that old Mr. Grant said to his helpmeet, "Prudy, my dear, here's another rip in my mitten." How different from Oscar, who called her "Angel," "Beauty," and "Sweet," in accents so soft and thrilling!

Ah, Mercy!

"In what respect am I a tyrant?" pressed John, whose feelings were sorely touched by the accusation.

"I—let go my hands!"

"There."



"You insist on my answering questions that you've no business to ask, and you want to control my actions entirely to suit yourself," cried injured Mercy, bursting into a passion of tears, which, all things considered, might have been confidently anticipated.

Truly, knowing the folly and unreasonableness of the thing, I never meant to get involved in a lover's quarrel; but having unwittingly got so entangled, I can only rely on John's good sense to help me rationally out of it.

Now John was touched at sight of the tears, not being inured to tempests of that kind, and began at once to reproach himself for his cruelty and hard-heartedness. "Don't cry, Mercy!" he begged, stroking her brown hair tenderly. "Of course it was all a foolish joke of Jo. Hatten's, just as I believed at the first; or, if he did happen to see you with Milburn down by Willow Spring, most likely it was accident that brought you there together. I guess I can trust you yet awhile," he added, with cheerful assurance.

"No you can't!" broke forth Mercy, writhing under the caressing hand, and smitten to the heart by a magnanimity with which she knew not how to deal, it being so utterly unlike anything described in the conduct of Angelina's hateful suitor, to whom "the cruel guardian" was determined to unite her. "It wasn't a joke at all, and I didn't meet him by accident."

John snatched away his hand as if it had been stung. "You dont mean—" he began, with whitening lips.

"I mean that Oscar loves me a great deal better than you are capable of loving," explained Mercy, wiping up her eyes, and looking with extreme disgust at the incapable John.

"Then why in the name of common sense don't he show his love like an honest man, instead of sneaking about the woods and fields to meet you, as if he was doing something he was ashamed of?" blurted out the justly indignant man, whose quick sense of honor revolted against all clandestine and underhanded proceedings.

Mercy's face kindled with shame, which she thanked the fast-falling darkness for hiding. "He knows father dislikes him," she apologized faintly.

"That ought to satisfy you then that he's not just what he should be. When an honest, upright man, such as the deacon, dislikes another, you may be pretty sure that he is justified by reason," returned John, who evidently would have looked upon Miss Juliet

Capulet as a very rash, imprudent young lady, to conceive such an overpowering passion for the son of her father's enemy.

"Father is prejudiced, and——"

"Have you no regard for your promises, child?" interrupted the injured lover, laying his hand somewhat more heavily than he realized on the young girl's shoulder.

"Lip promises can't bind the heart, John Grant," pronounced Mercy, oraculously, shaking off the offending hand, and fortifying her position with the arguments of her latest heroine.

"That's true enough," replied John, "but honor might restrain you from violating them by act. If it was an honest, worthy man that had come between us, I'd never mention the promises you've given me; or if I believed that you actually loved this fellow better than you do me, I'd not stop to argue with you; but, Mercy, I'm certain that you're deceived in regard to the state of your heart, and that it's just a sickly, short-lived fancy, that's drawn you away from me. You're not quite yourself, my dear—you're under some bad influence, I'm sure. Your head is turned by the pretty speeches and soft looks of Oscar Milburn, which you think mean something more than plain John's common-sense talk and honest love-glances. But you're mistaken, Mercy. They're false as the scoundrel's heart. Don't be deceived by them any more, or you'll repent when it's too late. Promise me that you won't see him again, nor think of him more than you can help, (I know you'd soon forget him) and I'll forgive your faithlessness this time, and never speak of it again; and I'll love you just as truly as ever. Mercy, promise me!"

Poor Mercy! she wasn't in a frame of mind to perceive and appreciate the generousness of her lover's offer. She was offended by the tone of condescension with which he addressed her, not understanding that the equality which had hitherto existed between them was destroyed by her own wrong-doing, and could only be restored by her return to right. "I'll promise you nothing, John Grant," she said, passionately; "I have submitted to your tyrannies long enough. I'd risk my happiness with Oscar Milburn sooner than with you."

"Then hear me, blind, misguided girl," spoke honest John, growing hard as a rock; "I'm not a man to be trifled with, and if you continue your intimacy with this fellow, you do so at the forfeit of my love and respect. However much you may desire it, I shall never take any further steps towards reconciliation.

You must accept my peace-offerings now or never,"

"Let it be *'never,'* then!" shot from Mercy's lips; and without a word in reply, John turned away, and walked rapidly down to the gate, where he came in sudden collision with Dame Dean, returning from her call."

"Why—why, *John!*" exclaimed the astonished matron, recovering from her shock—"is anybody sick or dead?"

But "*John,*" with a hurried apology for his rudeness, had vanished down the shadowy lane, and only the rapid beat of his retreating feet answered the bewildered mother's concerned question.

"I wonder what in the world is the matter?" mused the dame, as she hastened up to the house; "*Mercy'll* know."

Yes, "*Mercy'll* know."

The blank, good reader, signifies my inadequacy to describe the commotion that prevailed in the deacon's household when the truth came out. Wranglings and disputings always set me sighing for Cowper's "lodge in some vast wilderness;" and so, having passed with great tribulation and trial of patience through this lover's jangle, I must be excused from entering into the details of what is infinitely worse, a family jar.

The deacon, bewailing in sackcloth and ashes the workings of the inborn Adam of his daughter's heart, would, I suppose, had such a thing been practicable, have married her at once to his chosen man; but, as John's consent seemed in some sense necessary to such a consummation, the project had to be abandoned as infeasible. As some slight compensation therefor, he availed himself of the privilege that remained to him, and forbade all further intercourse between Mercy and her new suitor, who, finding the field clear of competitors, came boldly forwards and demanded her hand in marriage.

The deacon would see her married to death first!

Now it was that Mercy discovered her case to be exactly parallel with that of her favorite heroine, who was desperately loved by a noble but "unappreciated" young man, with whom her father, cruel and relentless as novel fathers are prone to be, had forbidden her to marry. What was the sequence? It sometimes happens that the daughter, with true filial affection, bows meekly in obedience to parental wishes, and turning a deaf ear to her adoring lover's importunities, devotes herself dutifully to the

fulfilment of her stern father's requirements; but not so Mercy's pattern of excellence. There was some lofty talk about fettering the free affections of the soul; a stolen interview, wild with passion, between Ethelbert and Edwina, a rope ladder hung up to the third story window, a trembling descent and dead faint in Ethelbert's arms; partial recovery induced by passionate kisses and whispered entreaties—more powerful restoratives, if we may believe the romancers, than a dash of cold water and a puff of fresh air; cruel parent's window lifted; a rapid flight through the dew to post-chaise standing darkly in shadow of the trees; a lightning ride in the starlight, supported and encouraged Ethelbert; a midnight marriage; priestly benediction; arrival of enraged father; prayers for forgiveness; threatenings; Ethelbert and Edwina upon their knees; obdurate parent's heart softens; Edwina weeps; cruel father almost relents; continued weeping on the part of Edwina; forgiveness; reconciliation; bliss—rapture—heaven. FINIS.

Mercy's head was giddy; she could not for a certainty tell sometimes whether she was herself or Edwina.

On a dewy June morning, jubilant with Nature's songs of praise, the deacon sat turning the leaves of the Holy Book, waiting for Mercy to come down, before commencing morning worship. "Step to the foot of the stairs, and call her again, mother," he said, at last; "she's getting to be an idle, thriftless girl."

"Mother" obeyed without remonstrating, as usual, when the deacon found fault with "the child." No answer came to the twice-repeated call, and the dame stepped quickly up the stairs, thinking to herself how soundly the girl slept. Presently she came down, white and trembling. "Mercy isn't there!" she gasped; and the deacon, springing to his feet, looked at her for a moment in speechless horror.

In the instant that they stood gazing fixedly into each other's eyes, there flashed like lightning through the minds of the worthy couple, a remembrance of the night's disturbances—the sharp, continued barking of old Major, the real or fancied creaking of the gate, and slipping of the back-door bolt; (evidently Mercy had descended to her lover in a less romantic fashion than did Edwina) but heavy sleep had overpowered their senses, and the circumstance was remembered in the morning only as a troubled dream.

"She has run off with that scoundrel," said

the deacon, giving utterance to the conviction that was in the minds of both, and poor Mrs. Dean sank on her knees, pallid and shivering, smothering her sobs in the cushion of Mercy's low rocking-chair. But not a groan escaped the lips of the deacon. Quietly he resumed his chair, and opening his Bible to the chapter he had previously selected to read, went through with it in a stern, unmoved voice; then kneeling down, offered up his usual petition, without the slightest reference to the straying member of his household, whom he had already settled in his mind as a child of perdition, foredoomed to endless punishment, and eternally past hoping and praying for. Henceforth the name "Mercy" was spoken no more in the little red farm-house, excepting when the poor mother, certain that the deacon was not within hearing, strove to still her heart's hunger by murmuring softly under her breath—"Mercy!—Mercy!—Mercy!—mother loves you, in spite of your sin!"

It had not entered into Mercy's thought that her act of disobedience would not be forgiven. It had not once occurred to Oscar Milburn that the deacon could disown his only daughter for marrying against his will, else it may safely be presumed that young gentleman would never have been made a party in the offence. It was, of course, vastly agreeable to be loved so devotedly by a charming little girl like Mercy, and it would be pleasant to have a wife in whose eyes his vices were transformed to virtues; but then, it was chiefly to the deacon's broad acres that the young man had looked for a foundation on which to build up the structure of his domestic happiness. He was one of those unfortunates who never find the right sort of work to do in this world—who, in fact, would rather be excused from doing any—and the prospect of being snugly domiciled in the deacon's comfortable household, and of eventually succeeding to the deacon's rich, fertile, well-tilled lands, was extremely pleasing to his thought. Mistaken Oscar! he had built his castles on an airy basis. The deacon was inexorable as fate, declaring that the way his daughter had chosen, therein should she walk.

Brought into constant association with her hero, Mercy was not long in discovering the thorough meanness and supreme selfishness of his nature. Her awakening was swift and terrible, and she was totally unprepared for the knowledge that came with it. Here it was that her novel ensamples failed her utterly. Angelina, in the "Cruel Guardian," had been

left standing at the altar, blushing and trembling under the ardent gaze of her adored Adolphus; and Edwina had vanished in a delirium of bliss and ecstasy; but whether Adolphus had given utterance to an ugly oath the day after his wedding, saying—"It's no matter, my love; you know we're married now;" or whether Ethelbert, before the expiration of his honey-moon, had wished himself aloud "a free and happy bachelor once more," record was obstinately silent.

There were no more tender glances, no more honeyed speeches, no more endearing names and thrilling hand-pressures, for now that the wife was won, Oscar Milburn didn't see the necessity of "playing the fool" any longer, and acting a part that he didn't feel, more especially as nothing was to be gained thereby.

The keenness of Mercy's sufferings in those early days, when her eyes were first opened to the true quality of the man with whom she had fancied herself so madly in love, can only be appreciated by those who have passed through a similar experience. There can be no fetters that chafe the soul like those of an unhappy marriage. If I might be permitted to use so strong an expression, I would say there could be no tortures in the nether world comparable with those daily endured by spirits linked together in the closest of external relations, yet, in the internal life, as widely severed as heaven and hell.

As time went on, Mercy became more deeply and painfully conscious of her error—an error, alas! beyond amendment now—hate for her husband usurped in her breast the place of that ephemeral passion which she had called love, and too often for her soul's peace her thought travelled back to the true-hearted man, whose honest affection she had cast away as a worthless thing in that season of blind folly, when, as it seemed to her now, she was actuated by a will not her own.

In what strong contrast to Oscar Milburn's vehement and often-repeated protestations of never-dying love, arose the now sacredly sweet memory of John Grant's earnest avowal of affection, couched in four simple words—"I love you, dear!"—unattested by oath, unsupported by promise; for love that is worthy of the name has no need to call on God and angels to witness of its truth, to which tender and kindly acts do continually testify; nor is it prodigal of words, which, being of so much feebleness of expression than deeds, love reckons of little worth. Doubt the strength of that affec-

tion which is eloquent of tongue—full of wordy protestations, and noisy appeals to Heaven; there is something unstable in it; it is not self-assured; it has no enduring foundation, and when the heats of affliction come, it will wither as a tree without root.

Many times, with hands tight clasped over her anguished heart, Mercy sent her thought back to that fair May evening, (oh, what pain the yearly return of such evenings brought!) when, flushed with joyful anticipation, John had come to her, planning their *home*, (Mercy remembered the deep tenderness of his voice when he uttered the word) and she—she had driven him away with the temple of his hopes in ruins, and his long-cherished dream of home-happiness shattered. If Mercy could but live over that evening! Oh, if she could! Her soul was sick for the yearning that it had to unsay the words she had uttered in that hour. If she had but listened to John's earnest pleading then, how different her life might have been!

Ah, Mercy! Mercy! these "might have beens" are cruel things to the soul. Better to forget. Better to face sternly *what is*, to say humbly, "Though I have erred in the past, yet, with the help of Heaven, I will act wisely in the present, leaving to God the adjustment of that evil which I never can undo."

And John?

Well, John married after years. His heart was hungry for the "home." What if after all it lacked the perfectness of his ideal? John had ceased to look for supreme happiness in this life.

### WHAT WOULD I BE.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

What would I be?—a bird on the branches,  
Carolling merrily all the day long,  
Filling young hearts with sunny-hued fancies,  
And coaxing a smile from the way-wearied  
through?  
Like unto ours are the lives of the birdlings;  
Oft they lament, though by mortals unheard;  
Listen! there cometh a musical cadence,  
Sorrow is theirs—I would not be a bird.

What would I be—a flower in the spring-time,  
Woke in the morning, and kissed by the dew;  
Cherished by warm hearts, and nurtured by fair  
hands,  
Kindest and purest that flowers ever know?  
Ah! the flowers have such a short life of gladness;  
Winter must come, with its saddening power,  
Making their heads droop in wearisome sadness,  
Death comes too soon—I would not be a flower.

What would I be—a murmuring streamlet,  
Whispering music all the day long,  
Fittingly made place for the artist or dreamer,  
Binding their souls with a silvery song?  
Talking to violets that leaned o'er its bosom,  
Gemming their eyes with the wavelet's gleam,  
Something more sweet has my wayward heart  
chosen,

Bright as they are, I would not be a stream.  
Oh, I have loved the bright, laughing waters  
Better perhaps than these wordings may tell,  
For there are thoughts which the lips may not utter.  
Deepest they lie in the soul's brimming well.

I would be one of those soft, gentle voices,  
Which bring us those feelings we cannot express:  
That visit us oft when the glad heart rejoices,  
Or comes when the spirit is bowed with distress.  
Sweet as the dreamings and love of the angels,  
Have you not felt them when shadows of eve  
Gather around you, and stars look down on you,  
Through the green boughs of the wide-spreading  
trees?

I would be one of those sweet, gentle voices,  
Helping the weary, to hope-giving birth,  
Bring at my coming a ray of rejoicing,  
Fly on my mission of love over earth.

Giving fresh impulse to pure aspirations,  
Striving to lift them to Heaven above;  
Oh, what am I asking—is this not a mission  
That even the spirits in Heaven might love.

I am not so sure that it is not the angels  
Who charm with their voices so, day after day,  
Right glad am I too, 'mid life's wearisome changes,  
For may I not also become such as they?

Oh, yes, if I'm faithful, I trust, and God willing,  
That I should float down from my home in the  
skies—

Whisper to hearts that I loved here while living,  
And wipe the hot tears from their earth-clouded  
eyes.

PLEASANT PLAIN, IOWA.

TRUE COURTESY.—Show me the man who  
can quit the brilliant society of the young, to  
listen to the kindly voice of age; who can hold  
cheerful converse with one whom years has  
deprived of charms. Show me the man of  
generous impulses, who is always willing to  
help the poor and needy—show me the man  
who treats unprotected maidenhood as he  
would the heiress, surrounded by the protec-  
tion of rank, riches and family. Show me the  
man who never forgets for an instant the  
delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as  
woman, in any condition or class—show me  
such a man, and you show me a gentleman—  
nay, you show me better—you show me a true  
Christian.

## WITHOUT AN AIM.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

Maria Willets stood upon the balcony of a pleasant country house looking towards the river, where the calm, clear water, broken here and there by little ripples, glistened in the moonlight. The moon had not reached its full, and the light was just vivid enough to bring out every object with a softened halo, that touched the heart with a melancholy not wholly unpleasant. The garden trees rustled their leaves like spirit whispers; the shrubs looked like crouching figures in the dim light, and the blossoming plants sent out a faint odor on the evening air.

The young girl leaned her arm upon the rail, and her head upon her hand, taking in the still, quiet beauty at a glance. The gay world with all its pleasures seemed to fade into nothingness, and the earth, the beautiful earth which God had made, to bring her heart into communion with Him, and elevate it to contemplate the beauties of that world, which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

To say that she was weary of the world would hardly be truthful, yet it seemed very unsatisfactory to-night. The sound of happy voices came up from the rooms below, a strain of melody or the gleeful laugh of some joyous heart. But Maria was not listening, it is doubtful if she heard them. There were voices nearer, on the long piazza below, and with scarce a consciousness of what she was doing, she was listening to every word.

It was a small party, come out from the city to spend the evening at Mr. Willets's summer house. Maria had been doing the honors, and coming to her room a moment before, had stepped out at the long low window at the end of the hall.

"This is a grand old place!" was the first remark that reached her ear. "I believe I would try a hand at winning the girl, if only for the pleasure of coming down from the city after a day of brisk business."

"Oh, yes; any one could see with half an eye, it was the money you were after," chimed in the second voice with something of a sarcastic ring to the tones.

"Well, yes, it is quite a desirable appendage, I must admit, but the girl is not bad on her own account. She is pretty, accomplished,

fashionable, and can head an establishment in style, provided it is a stylish establishment to begin with, and mine cannot be at the present state of my finances, unless I have a little help, so as things are it is my wisest course. Don't you think so, Hal?"

"And the little blue eyed Fanny?"

"Hush! don't name her. The best I can do is to forget her." The young man gave a quick, hollow laugh that showed his heart was not in it.

"But why are you so silent, Denny? I thought awhile ago, you were casting rather anxious glances in the way of Miss Maria yourself. I should judge by your manner of living, a rich wife would not be out of the way. Your coat is getting rusty, boy. Come, I will give you a chance to compete with me for Miss Willets's hand."

The young girl leaned forward eagerly to catch the answer. Would it be heartless like the rest? She could not see the spasm of pain that crossed the young man's face, but she heard a hasty movement of the chair upon which he had been sitting, and the quick, half indignant tones of his reply—

"It strikes me, it is neither generous or gentlemanly to accept Mr. Willets's invitation to his house, and then make his daughter the subject of rude jest and sarcasm."

"Do hear the man," was the quick reply. "I firmly believe he is in love with the girl. Come, boy, own up, have your aspirations turned that way, because if so, I might just as well step aside."

A scornful laugh that sent the blood tingling into Maria's cheeks, followed this speech, whose tones betrayed more than the words.

"Carlton Hughes, I have not merited this insult. If I am beneath you in point of wealth, thank high heaven it is the only respect. Our business concerns are equal, and if I choose to deny myself to help smooth the declining pathway of an aged father and mother, instead of spending it upon cards, and wine, and the nice little items that make a gentleman in your eyes, I must be beneath you, that is all. Nor am I one to flaunt my love or my marriage intentions in the face of every idler that chances in my way. Your heartless words have done Miss Willets a great wrong." The



young man paced up and down the floor, and Maria could hear that his steps were hasty and firm.

"Miss Willets has a fine advocate in you. What a pity she could not hear you. It might help along your rather unpromising case. This country seat wouldn't make a bad home for the old father and mother, would it?" For a moment all was silent. Maria almost trembled lest Mr. Denny should take it upon himself then and there, to avenge the unmerited insult, but soon his slow, measured words reassured her.

"I am quite as well aware as you, Mr. Hughes, that my position in life hardly places me upon an equality with Miss Willets, neither do I aspire to her hand, for as much as I admire and respect her, I could not marry a girl who was living without an aim."

Ralph Denny went up the steps and entered the house, leaving the two alone upon the piazza. Maria had pressed her hand upon her head to still the sudden dizziness that crept over her at his words. The others had scarcely moved her, but his—there was a depth of meaning, a bitterness too, that she could not shake off. She did not pause to hear any more, she had been too long absent already, and the calm, beautiful night had lost its charm. She flew down the staircase and along the hall to the open parlor, and stood looking in upon the gay scene before her. There was dancing, and nearly all her companions were upon the floor keeping time to the inspiring music, and a lively word or jest greeted her as the young, gay creatures passed her, moving lightly through the figures, but Maria felt as if all their words were hollow, meaningless. She looked for another face which she knew would not hide behind it an empty heart, and in the bay window she saw it, shaded by the light folds of the curtain, watching the dancers with no more interest than she had done. The young man rose as she approached him, and met her with a grave, sad smile, and Maria's answering smile was scarce less empty. He drew a chair within the recess, and as she moved it a little farther from the light her hand touched his.

"Why, how cold you are, Miss Willets, and your face is very pale. Are you ill?" He gave an eager, searching glance into her face.

"I might return your words," she replied, turning away her head.

"Perhaps so," he said, quietly, and then there was a silence. How much the young

man wished that evening she was a little girl again, and he her father's book-keeper, that he could draw his arm about her and warm her chilled fingers in his, and listen to her pleasant, trustful talk, as in the happy days gone by. But they were children no longer. She was a gay, worldly woman to him, who scarce saw her now except under some unnatural excitement, but he knew that in her home she had grown selfish and unmindful of the comfort and happiness of those about her, and that only in society, where she reigned supreme, was she the brilliant woman he saw her to-night. And he was in business on his own account, struggling up as best he could, with an honest heart and strict integrity of will for a basis.

"Arn't you going to dance the next set with me?" Maria asked, at length, a little timidly, but with a playful manner, she assumed to hide the deep feeling. "I was engaged to Mr. Hughes, but he is not here, I see, and I do not care about dancing with him to-night."

"I should be most happy, Miss Willets, but do not wish to intrude upon a previous engagement." His tone was very cold, and his manner distant. Maria's eyes filled with tears.

"I know you think me very bad, Ralph, my dear old friend, the truest friend I ever had, but I am going to try from henceforth to do some good, and have some aim in life."

She left him alone, in amazement, and in a moment more was waltzing with a lady friend as if no serious thought had ever dawned upon her mind. He was at a loss to know what had caused her so suddenly to re-echo his words; he half believed she had heard them; at any rate, he was glad at her good resolve.

Maria was not sorry when the last guest had departed, and she could go up to the quiet of her own room and think. How often some little word will affect our lives, some simple act of good or evil go with us through time into eternity.

She was not sleepy, though it was very late. She placed her lamp upon the table near the bed, and stood looking a moment at the sleeping face of her little sister. There were traces of tears there which were a reproach to Maria. She remembered then what a disappointment it had been to the child when she had forbidden her from coming to the parlor to be in the way, and how the little lip had quivered and the eyelids drooped, and so she had cried herself to sleep. She bent over and kissed the



innocent face. The little one started up and opened her eyes very wide.

"Oh, it is you, Maria!" and the face clouded. "Have they all gone? I listened to the music and sound of their feet, till I went off to sleep and dreamed I was there. Did you have a good time?"

"Pretty good!" Maria emphasized the words with another *kias*. "But I was sorry little sister was not there. Will you forgive me, darling? Next time you shall come down to the parlor and stay till the last visitor is gone, and sister will see that you have just the best time."

"Oh, *wont that be nice?*" The child brought her hands together gleefully, and turning over her bright head, dropped off to sleep again.

Maria turned the lamp low and sat down by the window. The moon was set, but the stars seemed to shine all the more brightly that their rival was gone, and Maria looked up to them with hardly a thought of their beauty, for the remembrance that was rankling in her breast.

"Without an aim in life! Strange I have never thought of it before. Gayety, dress, fashion, my own enjoyment, have taken up all my time, and Ralph knows too well I have spent little kindness or thoughtfulness upon anything beside. There is not one person happier or better for my being in the world. I do not suppose one of my gay, adorable friends who were here this evening cares a straw for me besides my money and social position, and the pleasure that may bring them. But what shall be my first step? Where shall I begin the reform? 'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!'"

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is neither work or device in the grave whither thou goest." The words seemed breathed upon the evening air that came softly through the leaves of the tall locust that rustled outside her open casement. Maria shuddered. It was seldom she thought of death, of anything but her own enjoyment, and in her thoughtful mood it seemed a sad, a terrible thing to die, without having taken any part in the work of life that would leave a modicum of good behind.

"I will begin at home to-morrow," she whispered. "If I do my duty as a child and as a sister first, I can then try to enlarge my sphere of usefulness. Henceforth my aim shall be to cast aside self and make my own happiness and ease a secondary matter."

Maria opened her Bible that night, her neg-

lected Bible, with an interest she had never felt before, and kneeling beside her bed, her heart broke out into the first prayer that had crossed her lips since she had outgrown childhood and set at naught her mother's counsel and example.

It was not easy for Maria to shake off sleep an hour earlier than usual the next morning; but the sun had not long been trying to force its way through the closed shutters of her room, before she was up and dressed for her new day's work, firm in the trust that, if watchful, the way of usefulness would be opened to her feet. She went down to the breakfast-room, leaving her sister still asleep. Her father was just sitting down to his morning meal alone.

"Now this is pleasant, my daughter," he said, in answer to her cheery good-morning. "It seems desolate to eat alone, and your mother is ill with one of her severe headaches. How bright your eyes are this morning; I guess you enjoyed your evening?"

"Very much, father. Let me pour your coffee; and, Nora, you see that there is a strong cup of tea for mother."

Maria slipped quietly into her mother's place, but not without catching a glimpse of her father's pleased countenance, upon which lay also a slight look of wonder.

"Be quiet, George, close the door softly, for poor mamma has another of her dreadful headaches," she said to her brother, a tall, manly fellow of fifteen, who bounded in from the garden, boy like, as if the whole world were dependent upon his having his breakfast at that moment.

Mr. Willets made a hasty breakfast, and started for the city. It had never crossed Maria's mind before how closely her father confined himself to business, how weary he came home often, and she was such an extravagant daughter; with a little thoughtfulness upon her part, perhaps he might find more leisure and rest. Both parents had often realized this. But Maria was self-willed, and it was hard to cross her wishes.

"Oh dear!" followed Mr. Willets's exit, from the lips of George, as he took the last sip of coffee and pushed back from the table. "Father is always so hurried. He was looking over accounts all last evening, and did not get time to work out that problem for me. It is hard work studying alone. I wish we had staid in town longer, so I should not have so much to make up to keep along with my classes." George's chair gave a sudden bang and turned over upon the floor.

"Perhaps I might do it for you," suggested Maria.

"You wouldn't," was George's blunt reply, casting an eager look into his sister's face.

"Bring your book and let me see."

George brought his algebra quickly, with a pleased smile, and, opening it, pointed to the difficult question. A little explanation from Maria set him upon his right course, and his face cleared up as he glanced down the page and found he could go on without farther trouble.

"I might help you every morning, George, if you would like. I could have a little school of you and Mary till you get up with your classes."

Maria rose to go to her mother's room.

"That would be jolly! I get sick of puzzling out the old sums. You are a dear, good sister this morning. I wish—" The boy checked himself.

"Wish what?" asked Maria, averting her head.

"Oh nothing. I was going to say I wish you were always so; but that wouldn't be fair."

Maria tapped his cheek playfully. She could not be angry at his frankness, for she knew it was something quite strange to take any interest either in his lessons or amusement, but she determined the more strongly that the happiness of her home should be her constant aim.

Her mother was lying with flushed cheeks, one hand pressed tightly upon her aching head, trying in vain to find refreshment in slumber. The sun shone brightly in at one window, and lay across the bed, nearly blinding Mrs. Willets in her pain.

"Poor mamma! I am sorry you are suffering again." Maria stooped and kissed the burning brow. "How hot your head is! I must be your nurse now and charm away the pain."

She closed the blind softly, and, bringing cool water to the bedside, bathed the throbbing head and smoothed it with a soothing pressure. She poured the tea with her own hand, and held it to her mother's lips; and after gently arranging the disordered room, she stole to the bedside to find her mother sleeping sweetly. She dropped a tear as she stood looking at the face, grown very white now that the fever flush was driven away.

"Dear mother, what a wicked, ungrateful child I have been. I have cruelly repulsed your love and tenderness, and let self come between you and happiness. Yesterday I

would hardly have thought of coming to see you, but would have gone on drumming upon the piano, thoughtlessly torturing your nerves, and let the children run wild through the house. But, God helping me, I will henceforth be a true daughter."

She passed from the room, gently closing the door. May was just through breakfast, and ready to be amused. She was not in the best of temper after lying awake so long the previous night. She missed her mother, and would not speak in answer to her sister's kind good-morning, but insisted that she would go to her mother's room.

"Don't sister May want to help dust the parlors? and then we will go out and help George weed the flower-beds. Father would be delighted to know his little girl was trying to help."

May was always glad to be employed, especially in something older persons did, so she flourished her feather duster vigorously, and, besides amusing herself, diverted Maria till work seemed almost like play.

Maria's earnest purpose caused quite a wonderment throughout the entire household. She could hear the servants talking together curiously, and May was telling George what a dear sister Maria was, and the more she tried to accomplish the more she realized how much she had left undone.

It was surprising what a change came over the household before the close of the first month. Maria had not been exactly a domestic tyrant, but her will had usually been law, and every one's wish must be set aside to gratify her. It had made her parents unhappy, her brother and sister dissatisfied and wilful, and it had not been a life of satisfaction to Maria herself. Mr. Willets had often been harassed and perplexed, for though he was a wealthy man, destined to become still more so as the city grew older, his most valuable property was in lots, which as yet yielded no income. He had an expensive family. His children were being educated in the most fashionable schools, and Maria's example of indolence and idleness was already making itself felt beyond the mild, gentle counsel of their mother. So he often felt that he had little pleasure in the contemplation of his children's future. But he had been happier in this month of Maria's changed course than he had been since she was a pretty, playful child at his knee. She was always so thoughtful of his comfort. The sofa was wheeled into the coolest, most pleasant spot, his slippers

waiting, and Maria was ready with a cheerful smile to give her time to his comfort and enjoyment.

Mr. Willets had always seemed an undemonstrative parent to Maria. She did not realize that his affections needed the smiles and caresses of a dutiful child to warm the heart, the cares of business and combats with the world, and the different characters with which he was brought into constant connection, had well nigh blunted. There is a great difference in natures; but hard indeed must the heart of a parent become that finds itself calloused to the loving caresses of a dutiful child.

Maria's changed influence extended beyond her home too. Many of her gay associates came to realize how selfish were their aims and aspirations, and how much there was in the world which they might and ought to do. The petty jealousies and envyings seemed to be cast beneath their feet; and Maria tried to infuse into her circle of friends an interest in art and literature, a love for something more substantial, and to turn their thoughts from the frivolous objects that had heretofore claimed so great a part of their conversation, and to learn to practice that charity which seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil.

It was not without many conflicts that Maria attained the true life. There were many times when the old habits of indolence and selfish indulgence nearly overcame her, but she persevered, struggled on, and each day's effort brought its own reward. Ralph Denny was a constant friend, a true adviser, and a great help to Maria in her trials to overcome, and they were not long in learning how necessary they were to each other; and strange and unlooked for as such a denouement had been, they had promised to make each other's happiness a part of their great aim, and to work hand in hand in the field of labor that to each had grown so plain. Maria was proud of her noble friend, of his strict morality, straightforward integrity, and uprightness of manhood, and it was not without a little feeling of malevolence that she listened to the formal offer of the heart and hand of Carlton Hughes. She waited till his proposal was quite concluded, then coldly withdrawing the hand he had taken, and for which he was pleading with impassioned fervor, she replied in firm, even tones—

"I am not at liberty to listen to your words, sir, I am the promised wife of another."

The gentleman started back, disappointment as well as astonishment written upon his face.

"May I ask to whom, and if the promise is really binding, so that there is no hope for me?"

"Certainly; I am proud to repeat his name and tell you my promise is given with the full, free love of my whole heart. It is Ralph Denny."

"Miss Willets, is it possible? No, no," he said, with a gleam of hope breaking into his voice, "it cannot be you would thus throw yourself away."

Maria put up her hand in warning.

"I will not hear you speak so," she said, firmly.

"But Ralph Denny told me more than three months since he would not marry you, that you were not a companion to his taste—I do not remember the exact words."

"Let me assist your memory, Mr. Hughes. He remarked to you he could not marry a girl who was living without an aim, and let me assure you they have been blessed to me above every word I ever heard spoken, for they led me to examine the wrong way which I was treading, and to see the miserable, aimless life I was leading, and through God's help I have been in a measure able to reform. But, Mr. Hughes, what led to that remark?"

A crimson glow burned in the gentleman's face, but he did not reply.

"Mr. Hughes, you would marry me for my father's wealth and position in society, but I believe Ralph Denny will marry me because he loves me; and as I am now his promised wife, you will perceive the competition for Miss Willets's hand is at an end."

Maria arose from the young man's side; she pitied his deep embarrassment, and, holding out her hand, said kindly—

"But, Mr. Hughes, do not think I harbor any resentment. I hope that you may be happy; and trust to one who has learned by a bitter experience that the only road to happiness runs opposite to self-gratification and mere worldly pleasure, and that we only arrive at the true state when we strive for the good of others more than our own."

Maria's sphere of usefulness was widening each day, humbly, and with no loud, pretentious efforts, but her aim in life was one that gave peace to her heart, and laid up a secure foundation for the time to come.

Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

## CHRIST'S LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY BELLA ST. AUBYN.

It was night. Black darkness lay upon the land—broken through by the million lights that had sprung up in the great metropolis as the dusky shadows approached. All the harshness had died out with the busy day, and only a subdued murmur rose from the streets below to mingle with the soft swell of converse that floated through the halls of our marble palace.

Standing within the sheltering folds of rich lace curtains, I looked forth upon the scene for a long time, and wondered at the strangeness of human life and experiences. Here the red lights glowed and jewels flashed regally. Rich silks were trailed over carpets that yielded like down to the feet that pressed them; and faint, sweet odors crept through their folds as they passed, and were wafted through the rooms. Through the half open doors of the dining-room I could see the long tables glittering with plate and glass, while the waiters stood ready to attend the eager guests when the signal should come for the wide spreading of those doors, when the waiting throng would press in and feast upon the fat of the land.

Was there one of them in that crowd who would then give a thought to the hungry thousands but a little distance from this palace? I turned my face away, and looked out through the night with a place in my thoughts where there was little of light, or joy, or comfort—a spot where misery and want stalked grimly, and the tears of women and little children fell unheeded, save by Him who “noteth even the sparrows that fall to the ground.” Oh, my heart was sad in that hour, weighed down by a load of pity and sorrow that defied expression! I might go out into the hall with the rest, and join in the careless prattle of friends, but I had no heart for the pastime. Gay words would come to my lips like mockeries—and this was no place to bare my thoughts for the gaze of others. Not here could I find sympathy. So I kept my place quietly—my throat filled up and aching with feeling—my eyes blinded with tears that would not be crushed back to their source, for there came upon them—through memory—a sound that stifled those voices around me, and pierced my soul with a thrill of agony. Little

children's voices rising in songs of praise—children out of the “depths” of New York for a few hours to taste of light, and life, and love—and then to be plunged again into the noisome pool of social degradation, from which they might never rise again in this world!

“Of what are you thinking so profoundly?” asked a voice at my side, and I turned with a stare to see a sweet face peering curiously into mine. “Why, as I live, there are tears upon your cheeks, and your hands tremble. You have not heard bad news? What is it, my friend?”

The tone was gentle and full of sympathy. I did not fear to speak my thoughts then when she looked thus into my eyes.

“I was thinking of ‘Christ’s little children,’” I answered, smiling, and clasping closer the little hand that had crept into mine. “The dear little children of whom our Saviour said, ‘In as much as ye do it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.’”

“I don’t quite understand you, I think,” she said, slowly, regarding me with an earnest look. “Please explain.”

“Not here. Come to my room and I will gladly. Have you dined?”

“Not yet. I am waiting for my husband.”

“Well, when you have dined, come to me, and I will tell you of all that I saw to-day, and of what I was thinking when you found me. Till then, good-by.”

She pressed my hand, smiled and nodded, and the next moment had glided away with the throng. I watched until the little brown head was lost in the tide of life surging around it, then stole away to my room from which I did not stir till a light tap came upon the door, and Mrs. Lancing entered.

“Now for your story,” she cried, seizing a stool which she perched upon at my feet, as a child might have done, and with all of a child’s eagerness. So I began without preface.

“This morning the Rev. Dr. Burnham came to see me, and invite me to visit the Howard Mission, down at the Five Points. Mrs. Burnham, a dear, good, earnest-hearted little woman, came with him, and I accompanied them gladly, because I have long wanted to see that famous locality, and to understand what they are trying to do for those poor squalid masses

of humanity congregated there. The very first step within the door, was a revelation to me, and what was written upon the page of my life-history within the three hours that followed, as a fragment of experience, will glow like characters of fire till the day of my death. I can never forget it! Three hundred and more, of little children, were in the rooms to-day, and it was near the dinner hour. Only a few moments after we entered, Mr. Powell invited us to go below and see the little creatures eat, which we did.

"Long tables were arranged, along which stood, upon each side, a line of half-starved children, ranging, I should think, from five to nine years of age. They ate with the avidity of partial starvation; and while watching them, I saw that the food was not only wholesome and palatable, but substantial and rich. Without doubt, there are many who get nothing to eat except what they get at the Mission, and go hungry from one day to another till this plenteous feast is freely given to them! The teachers keep them in order, and after they have finished the meal, they return to the school-room, where they are carefully taught all the useful branches of education.

"We were invited up stairs after our visit to the kitchen, where we spent a few moments in the infants' department, heard their baby voices united in a sweet little hymn, to a melodious accompaniment, and then went with them into dinner, where during the meal, Mr. Van Meter himself joined us. I was pleased with him at once, for he appeared to me to be a generous, genial and earnest Christian, intent only upon the accomplishment of one of the noblest objects that can excite the interest of man—the elevation and welfare of our helpless inferiors.

"I listened eagerly to all I could hear about the people—the children and themselves; then we went down stairs again with the teachers and Mr. Van Meter, who proposed that we should hear the children sing. They were a little out of practice, as Mr. Van Meter had been absent for some time; but it touched me strangely to listen to those children, singing with their whole hearts, praises we favored ones can scarcely understand! Many of them betrayed decided vocal talents worthy of cultivation; and all excited in me a feeling of wonder. Base and alto I did not expect to hear there, but they swelled clear and accurate with the air, and in their united sweetness melted me to tears almost before I knew it. To hear children's voices in sacred song is

always sweet. But the children of wealth and ease do not sing with their *souls* in the music, as those little ones did. They seemed to comprehend and appreciate what was being done for them, and to me it sounded like a spontaneous outburst of praise and thanksgiving—a choral of joy and gratitude from little hearts, but too well versed in the woes of indigent life—too deeply steeped in the bitterness of sufferings arising from ignorance and poverty.

"Before they left the Mission, on dismissal, every little wanderer, rushed eagerly to Mr. Van Meter for a parting word. They held up their little hands for his friendly pressure, with loving confidence, and lifted their pale faces with an expression that actually made me sob, in spite of myself. If he stooped to kiss them, they beamed and fairly glowed with delight. If he merely pressed their hands and sent them away, many looked grieved and disappointed. This beam of warmth and love was, perhaps, all that dawned upon the lives of the poor little starvelings, and they grasped for it with eager avidity! Ruled through this love and kindness, what a lasting impression will this teaching—this care and tenderness make upon their minds! How glorious the thought that the seed sown to-day through difficulties and distresses, will spring up into trees that may bear for them the fruits of everlasting life! Oh, I would rather follow the footsteps of an earnest, active, practical Christian, and to make the happiness of a people like this—to teach them the truth, and the life, and the light of man, than to sit upon the throne of the proudest kingdom of earth, in robes of royal purple and gold! And from my heart of hearts, I honor and love those who give time, and means, and labor for the benefit of our fellow creatures—for themselves laying up such stores only as they may lay up in heaven through good works! Victor Hugo says, man should never look beneath him, but keep his eyes fixed upon the stars, forever aspiring to mount upwards. If he applied this only to the attainment of high and noble truths, I would thank him for his teaching; but when he tells us this in regard to associating or mixing with our kind, I take him to task for lack of the grand principle of life. How can we see the wants of our kind, if we refuse to look down upon them—to go among them—to inquire into their condition? Christ, the highest and purest type of mankind, went among the poor and lowly, looking upwards only when he craved a blessing for them from



the Father! If we do not the same, we have no love for Him, we have failed to accept His teachings, and profit by His example. And what are all the glories of earth when heaven is lost to man? Can we say, any of us, to-day, that our life shall be spared until to-morrow? And shall we labor for fame, for glory, for wealth here, selfishly turning a deaf ear to the cries of humanity, when a brief season must bring us to the end of all, and leave us nothing but despair?

"There! I did not mean to preach you a sermon, my little friend," cutting my harangue short.

"I interrupted my story, and must hasten to the close.

"I went once to visit some of the homes of those children. *Homes!* Can we call such hovels by so sacred a name—a name synonymous of comfort, happiness, peace and well-doing? Oh, those dark, winding, filthy stairs! Those miserable little rooms! Soiled rags for beds; paneless windows; pale, emaciated faces of mothers and children, and the general squallor and want there to be seen, are surely unequalled in any other portion of our country. Think of it! Six thousand of these families live under ground, where God's blessed sunlight never comes; and where, on an average, eighty-six out of every hundred children die in infancy! This is from bad air, want of light, &c. All this, too, in a Christian land, where the proudest city of the country can count her wealth by hundreds of millions; and the chimes of a thousand bells and more, swell the pulse of the Sabbath from week to week."

"There doesn't seem any way to help it, though," chimed in the voice of the little thing at my feet. "Is there, do you think?"

"Yes, I do think there is a way of helping it. You can do your part, by sending your own and all the contributions you can get, to this mission, or any other mission that has the same object in view. But to make the charity and relief as prominent as the poverty and misery now is, New York must effect a revolution in her habits, and set missionaries to work in her midst with as much zeal as she sends them abroad. If a number of the most prominent capitalists were to unite and tear down those abominable structures, rebuild them decently, and rent them at rates within the means of the laboring classes, making it a condition binding and imperative, for every tenant to keep the house he occupies in neat-

ness and order, do you not think a vast change might be effected in the condition of the Five Points poor? Let them build churches also, that they may have the means of becoming Christianized in a Christian land; schools, that they may gain knowledge. There are men and women who have scarcely heard even of a God and a Redeemer—as truly heathens, in this very place, as was ever native of the African race, whose descendants Abraham Lincoln is changing from 'goods and chattels' into 'men and women.' You will say, perhaps, that the Gospel is free to all, and theirs is the fault if they live in ignorance. But this is a mistake. They are the poor, persecuted, forlorn and refuse of other nations, drifted into our country with the hope for bread and meat alone. Ignorant, almost helpless, their chief aim is to keep soul and body together by any means in their reach. Their children are beggars, rag pickers and street sweepers—everything miserable. In this struggle for life, what is there to excite higher emotions? What taste of knowledge do they get that rouses an ambition for more? Through what channel does the tide of love flow that draws them from the gutter to the church door—and if there was a channel, where is the church to which they may go, except the one that teaches them the least of the true principles of religion, and which ruthlessly strips them of every penny they make, to swell the tide of its own vast wealth and importance? To one who gives but a casual thought to the enterprise I have mentioned, it would appear gigantic, no doubt. But it is not so far beyond the range of possibility, and to me it seems that it only wants a good show of earnest purpose and resolution to effect one of the grandest social changes ever known in any country."

Here the announcement of callers put a stop to the conversation, and I went down stairs, promising to call for my little friend the next time I visited the "Howard Mission."

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission.



## KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

### GEORGE III.

George III. was the grandson of George II., and the son of Frederick, Prince of Wales. His mother was a Princess of Saxe Gotha. His father died March 20, 1750, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He was possessed of every great and amiable quality that could engage the affections of a nation; he was the delight of the people, and his death excited their universal and unfeigned regret.

George III. was born June 4, 1738, and was proclaimed king October 26, 1760, when he was twenty-two years of age. He married the Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, September 8, 1761, and his coronation took place on the twenty-second of the same month. The king, as is usually the case, was crowned and the ceremony performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Queen by the Archbishop of York.

George III. was the first prince of the house of Brunswick that was born in England. He was tall, his complexion fair, his features well-formed and pleasing, and he had great personal courage and steadiness of character, which bordered on obstinacy. He was honest and sincere, and had a plain and sound, but not an enlarged understanding. He had little taste for literature and the fine arts; but hunting, agriculture, mechanical contrivances and domestic intercourse occupied most of his leisure. As his parents had not been on good terms with George II., he had been almost excluded from court, which was a disadvantage to him, as it gave him an awkward and diffident manner, which an earlier introduction into society might have remedied. He had not interfered in politics, but led a retired life. On coming to the throne, he was surrounded by flattering courtiers; they often declaimed against the meanness of his palace, which they said was wholly unworthy of a monarch, and that not a sovereign in Europe was lodged so poorly, and advised him to build a palace suitable to his kingdom. The king readily listened to suggestions of this kind, as he was fond of architecture, and selected a spot near Hyde Park, for a new royal edifice. He then applied to his ministers to provide means for its erection. They informed him that the state of the treasury would not admit of the expense, but that a

revenue might be raised in America to supply all his wishes, and they adopted the scheme for taxing the Colonies, which led to the Revolutionary war, by which the United States became free and independent.

John Stuart, known as the Earl of Bute, was born in Scotland, and had been a favorite with Frederick, Prince of Wales, after whose death he was appointed chamberlain to George III., then in his twelfth year. Two days after he came to the throne, he made the Earl of Bute a member of the Privy Council. This interrupted the plans of Mr. Pitt, who had guided the affairs of the nation with great wisdom and signal success, and induced him to resign, as the Earl of Bute had prejudiced the king against him. In less than a year after George III. became king, he made the Earl of Bute his Prime Minister. He excluded the Whigs from the administration, and rendered them objects of suspicion to the king; he favored the Tories, and surrounded the king with persons whose opinions and principles were entirely different from those who had been in power; but when his influence appeared unbounded, he suddenly resigned his office, and retired to private life. It was thought that the frequent changes in the ministry the first ten years of this reign were owing to the secret influences of the Earl of Bute, for in his retirement he retained his ascendancy over the king, and was considered as the author of the Stamp Act. He died in 1792, and soon after his death William Pitt the younger became the Prime Minister when twenty-three years of age. He gave great satisfaction to the king and to the people, but met with opposition from the aristocracy. He was an able minister, and his abilities were in all respects equal to those of his father. The national debt pressed heavily on the people, but his financial measures alleviated their burdens. He accomplished the union of Ireland in 1800. He was disinterested in the public service, and though he enjoyed great opportunities to acquire wealth, he died poor; not from extravagance, but his strict attention to public business prevented proper care of his own affairs. He died in 1806, and Parliament honored him with a public funeral, and forty thousand pounds to pay his debts.

England had been engaged in war with France and Spain for many years before the American Revolution commenced, and in 1783, when George III. acknowledged the independence of the United States, he made peace with the other powers also. Literature flourished in this reign, as well as in the preceding, and upwards of seventy poets might be mentioned whose writings were published, but few of these are worthy of notice. The best writers were Young, who died in 1765, and who wrote the *Night Thoughts*; Grey, who died in 1771, who wrote the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*; Goldsmith, who wrote the *Deserted Village* and *Traveller*, who died in 1774; and Johnson, who died in 1784, who wrote the *Lives of the Poets* and a *Dictionary*, and who published a periodical, the *Rambler*. The first modern English romance, the *Castle of Otranto*, was written by Horace Walpole, a son of the celebrated minister, Sir Robert Walpole. Mark Akenside, who died at the age of twenty-three, wrote the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, a work much admired by many. Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, and Collins, who wrote the *Ode to the Passions*, died before the commencement of this reign. Cowper, Crabbe, Burns and Rogers were writers of distinction; also, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and Campbell; and in the latter part of this reign were Scott and Byron. Some of the female writers were Edgeworth, Burney, Opie, More and Barbauld.

The French Revolution, the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, and a second war between England and the United States, took place in this reign. The chief cause of this last war was that a large number of citizens of the United States had been seized and held in bondage on board British vessels of war. England had long been in the habit of impressing her own subjects; men were seized and forced on board their vessels of war, where they were compelled to serve till death relieved them from the oppression, having been torn from their families without a moment's warning.

In 1797 the Bank of England stopped the payment of its notes in gold and silver, and paper became the only money in circulation. Owing to the persevering exertions of Wilberforce and Clarkson, a law was passed in 1806 forbidding British subjects from being concerned in the slave trade.

Howard visited all the prisons in England, and exerted himself to make the condition of their inmates less miserable, and secured the adoption of measures for their improvement. Manufactures and mechanic arts made great

improvements, owing to the introduction of the "spinning-jenny" and steam.

George III. was several times affected by temporary insanity. In November 1810 the death of his youngest daughter, the Princess Amelia, his favorite child, caused a return of the malady, after which he had but few lucid intervals. His oldest son was appointed regent, who retained his father's minister, and made no change in the public affairs. The last ten years of his life the king was also entirely blind. A long range of apartments were prepared for his accommodation in Windsor Castle, where he passed his time walking from room to room, and occasionally playing some of Handel's music on the instruments which were placed there for his use. His character had always been religious, and now his piety was ever manifested, and he spent much time in prayer. He died January 29, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age, and the sixtieth of his reign. He lived to a greater age and reigned longer than any other English sovereign.

#### CHARLOTTE, QUEEN OF GEORGE III.

Charlotte, of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, was born May 31, 1744, and was seventeen years of age when she married George Guelph, who was twenty-two, and had been king of England nearly one year. They spent a long and happy life together, though not without some troubles in their old age. His deportment as a husband and as a father accorded strictly with the national notions of propriety, and rendered him and the queen a constant theme of praise, and the throne was regarded as a pattern in respect to the conjugal duties.

Queen Charlotte was a woman of strong sense and superior acquirements. She was not so popular as she would have been if her manners had been less reserved; but as a wife and mother, her conduct was exemplary. She was averse to every kind of vice and immorality, and the character of her court was irreproachable.

After the king's first attack of insanity, his physicians did not deem it safe for him to be much engaged in public business, and he indulged himself more than he had before done in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life. The queen desired to have their children with them, and it was a very pleasing sight to see the whole royal family, fifteen in number, when they were in the bloom of youth, assembled, as they often were, around their parents. They were all pleasing in their appearance,

had open, cheerful countenances, and enjoyed a privilege which seldom falls to the lot of princes, of being brought up under the eye of parents who set them the example of the most perfect family harmony.

The queen, with true feeling and delicacy, could not bear that the king's calamities should be exposed to public gaze, and by her particular desire, he was seen only by his physicians and necessary attendants, so that little was known of the latter part of his life.

Their children were George, Frederick, William Henry, Edward, Ernest Augustus, Augustus Frederick, Adolphus Frederick, Octavius and Alfred. Also, Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Sophia Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia and Amelia. Their grand-children were Alexandrina Victoria, George Frederick, a son of Ernest Augustus, king of Hanover, and George William and Augusta, children of Adolphus Frederick.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

## CAMPAIGN SKETCHES. NO. 5.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS.

### SAVED AND LOST.

When Buell's army, after a fatal inactivity which occupied two of the best months in the year, came thundering back from Jasper, within a few miles of Chatanooga to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and from thence to Nashville, in that mad neck and neck race with Bragg and Kirby Smith, where the whole army breathed the same dust a second time as they retraced their steps towards Louisville, some from Tullahoma, some from Altamont, some from Tracy City, and others from within a few miles of Chatanooga, they brought with them thousands of homeless refugees, many of them half clad, very few of them half fed, and many, very many sick in mind and body; dejected, hopeless, aimless.

When Buell reached Nashville he deemed the exigencies of the times demanded the surrender of that city to the Rebels; stout hearted Andy Johnson thought far otherwise; a spirited debate ensued, they quarrelled then and there. Andy Johnson lifted his right hand and swore that he would defend the city; the wire flashed Buell's remonstrance in a dictatorial manner to Washington; Johnson's bitter denunciation sped after it; back came the reply, "The city shall be held," and the great hearted Andy Johnson won the day. This is no mere romance—thousands in Nashville and in our army, remember the hot discussion as distinctly as yesterday's sun.

Mild spoken General Thomas was left in command of the city, while the bulk of the army rolled onwards to Bowling Green. Then Thomas followed, leaving General Negley in command of the city. There was a hitch at Bowling Green. Finally our army resumed

their march, and succeeded in losing four thousand men at Munfordville, all surrendered, with abundance of men lying within fourteen miles of them.

The immense wagon train, numbering over thirteen hundred wagons, were left lying at Bowling Green. Here the poor refugees were compelled to stop, or run the risk of maltreatment at the hands of the mounted bands of guerillas who travelled from one end of the country to the other, committing all manner of atrocities. There was but one outlet, and that over horrible roads towards the Ohio River. Those who had the money sacrificed as much as sixty and a hundred dollars for the sake of reaching the river, although the journey occupied but two days, and was less than seventy miles.

The immense amount of ammunition and commissary stores lying in the wagons in Bowling Green were the source of continual uneasiness to the army, the loyal and disloyal citizens of Bowling Green. Many of the officers had left all their clothing, with the exception of that which they were wearing, with their respective trains; nearly all of the men had also left a part of their clothing, with all of the tents behind. Knowing this, and knowing too that the fact would be immediately communicated to the Rebels, Colonel Bruce, who commanded at Bowling Green, momentarily anticipated a visit from his erratic brother-in-law, General John Morgan, who he swore was only fit to steal horses and wagons; nevertheless, he so ordered affairs that he went to his bed every night feeling perfectly satisfied that if Morgan attempted a theft he would be foiled at the outset. For three long weeks Bruce held the

town with its stores; when the order came to move the immense train to Louisville.

Upon a lovely fall morning, the van of the train (which had crossed Barron River the previous night) moved out upon the pike. Accompanying it, some on foot, some in wagons, (the last of their property) and some on horseback, the Union refugees from Chattanooga, from Altamont, the town situated highest on the Allegheny range; from McMinnville; but especially from the counties through which the Union army passed in retracing their steps through Tennessee, travelled wearily, not knowing "where to lay their heads, or wherewithal they would be clothed or fed." Very few knew the route intended. As the Rebels made daily incursions upon the pike, levying a heavy tax on all who ventured that way, and as they held a considerable portion of the pike and rail road, even those best informed could not perceive how the train could be preserved. Shut up in Bowling Green, their information was very limited.

Contrary to the expectation of very many of those who had charge of the train, Colonel Zahn, who superintended the movement, ordered the head of the train to pursue a direction due north; then it became apparent that the intention was to deceive the Rebels. The road selected was fully as bad, if not worse than any of the many horrible mountain roads traversed by the same trains during their weary marches in Tennessee. The train extended over twenty-two miles of this horrible road. It was guarded by three regiments of cavalry, in all about two thousand mounted men. These, with the various guards, wagon masters, quartermasters and drivers, all of whom were well armed, composed perhaps five thousand men. Very many of the refugees were armed also; I presume I would not over-estimate the total amount of armed men at six thousand. The cavalry were divided into detachments, and stationed at equal distances from each other throughout the train, a wise precaution, as in case of an attack upon any portion of the train, the nearest detachments could render immediate assistance.

As the head of the train was crossing Green River, at Brownsville, upon the evening of the second day, the colonel, who had been ordered to relieve Colonel Zahn of the charge of the train, arrived in time to superintend that difficult undertaking. The banks of the river (which is a very narrow stream, scarce two hundred feet wide) were exceedingly steep and slippery. The new superintendent placed

rails, ordered stones to be broken and the banks graded down; but even then the passage was difficult, dangerous and tedious. The refugees' wagons in particular gave him great trouble; they were continually breaking down, and blocking up the way, notwithstanding as many as fifty and a hundred strong arms strove to pull them up on the north side with strong cables, which the colonel had procured for that purpose. Observing a lady in a buggy attempting the difficult task, he rode across the stream with the intention of dissuading her from the trial, thinking she might be induced to accept his horse while he took charge of the buggy; but before he was half way across the stream, the driver of the buggy had given her horse the rein, and in a moment was sliding down the slippery bank, the horse restive and unmanageable, the vehicle toppling over to one side and in imminent danger of upsetting into the river. A hundred voices called to the lady in vain—the next moment she was driving composedly across the stream.

"Here! my men, put your hands to these wheels—we can get this up without the rope," said the gallant colonel, as he dismounted and put his own shoulder to the frail wheel.

"Hurrah for the colonel!" said one of the men when the buggy was safe at the top of the bank. At that instant the colonel glanced at the occupant of the vehicle, suddenly his face beamed with a pleased surprise, as he extended a hand to the lady.

"Miss Richards!"

"Captain Collingwood," replied the occupant of the buggy, pressing his hand warmly.

"Colonel now, if you please," said an officer beside them.

"I was not aware"—began the lady, then she paused abruptly.

"I hope you are not a refugee, Miss Richards? Your Uncle!"

"My uncle!" broke in Miss Richards, with a bitter laugh. "Excuse me, Colonel Collingwood; but you must know that my uncle long ago forbade me his house. I was living amongst total strangers, when, warned by my friends, I followed the army from Stevenson, as you see me. My uncle! he would delight to see me in prison."

"This is a sad state of affairs, Miss Richards; but no one—yes, I venture to say no one knows more about the true state of affairs in Tennessee than I do. I thought Kentucky was bad—Tennessee is much worse. Do you know, Miss Richards, I have known men—good, upright, peaceable men, to be shot down

at the feet of their wives in the Tennessee Valley. Do you know that they sometimes murder women and children there? No matter what you have seen; I who have travelled over the country and have had every opportunity to observe the condition of affairs know much, very much that will never, never be known by the Northern people, or if it were known there would be no necessity to repeat the word draft to secure volunteers."

"And to think, Colonel Collingwood, that those people must take to holes and caves now that the country is given up to the Rebels—is it not a cruel wrong?"

"The less said about that the better," replied the colonel, with a dangerous glow in his eyes. "I hope—I pray"—he checked himself suddenly, and added in a calm voice, "you know a good soldier never questions the orders of his superior."

"But he can pray that his superior may be removed and a better man put in his place!" exclaimed the lady, passionately.

"Softly, softly—I say amen to that; but although we are a little apart here, we are not entirely alone; better men than I have been arrested for less crimes than discussing the merits of my general."

"Turchin, for instance; or Mitchell, or Schoopf. I wonder in my heart they did not dismiss Mitchell!—his was a flagrant crime. Why, it is reported he took Huntsville with a single brigade, and held at least one hundred and sixty miles of rail-road with only seven thousand men, besides despoiling many proven secessionists during his march—and never, it is asserted, restored a single slave to his master."

Colonel Collingwood smiled at the bitter sarcasm, and promising to see that his fair friend should not suffer more than the unavoidable hardships of the journey, left his companion, glad to end a conversation that was becoming unsafe. Had he known that the wires at that moment were flashing reprimands and reproaches upon the subject of their conversation; that he was in fact removed and the command tendered to General Thomas, perhaps he might have uttered the thoughts that continually occupied his mind.

The weather was exceedingly lovely; but the roads were dry, and the thousands of hoofs and wheels pulverized the dust until it blinded the drivers, guards, and travellers. At the suggestion of Colonel Collingwood, who deemed the route perfectly safe, Miss Richards kept a little in advance of the train, with half a dozen

horsemen hovering round her. Frequently Colonel Collingwood rode at her side, whiling away the tedium in sprightly conversation. If the truth must be told, he devoted at least a third of his time to the task of rendering the fair refugee's journey agreeable, not altogether without a motive that he resolutely refused to acknowledge even to himself. Had he not resolved never to pay court to a woman until the war was over? But here, said patriotism, is the very woman you have been dreaming of, why not woo her?

When the train reached Litchfield, Colonel Collingwood received several vague warnings from men who claimed to be loyal citizens. These did not impress him with any idea of danger; having taken all possible precautions to guard against surprise, he relieved his mind from all unnecessary alarm, and infused a cheerful spirit into those who came in contact with him in the performance of their duty. Crossing Big Clifty Creek, the colonel's attention was attracted by the singular behaviour of a venerable looking negro, who, when he caught the colonel's glance placed a finger across his lips and stiffened his head abruptly. This old man stood on the eastern side of the creek, leaning against a tree, observing the wagons as they crossed over, and apparently had no other object there than to gratify his curiosity. Selecting a favorable opportunity, Colonel Collingwood rode over to the spot he occupied and addressed him.

"Have I not seen you before somewhere, uncle?"

"Dat mought be, genal—I doesn't jest know ef you ar a genl—yo did see me."

"Have you anything to say to me? I observed you looking at me as if you had."

"Deed have I, mas'r; only yo'l hyar my 'formation somewhar else—dese yer folks close by mought listen."

"Very well, I'll speak to you in a moment on the other side—I'll sit down beside that hay-rick."

The old negro hobbled away. At the end of ten minutes, perhaps, Colonel Collingwood seated himself beside the hay-rick indicated. The old negro sauntered past, bowing.

"Stop a moment, uncle—what have you to say to me?"

The old man cast a significant glance around him, then seated himself a little distance from his interrogator.

"I has, mas'r—does yo 'member me?"

"I am trying to think where I have met you."



"Yo 'member a sarcumstance hap'nd 'tween hayr an' 'Liz'beth, mas'r?"

"I do—I remember you perfectly well now."

"I done tole you true—deed did I, mas'r. I'ee gwine to 'form you agin. B'lieve me, mas'r—I'ee nebber lie t'yo. Deyre workin yo'r struction down thar to Big Springs."

"Go on, uncle, I am listening."

"I didn't heer it—I wont lie t'yo—it's no use; but Triumph, *she* heard it every word. It was down by Crucher's—he's a bad one, a berry debbil is he. Thar's seventy, an' dey reckon dey can blow up the rumination an' 'fiet aerus trouble on yo afore yo know dey ar dar."

"Might not Triumph be mistaken, uncle?"

"I tell yo *no*! Unless it's de Lord, nothin's shorer dan Triumph."

"I presume Triumph's your wife?"

"Dese sixty-seben year las' September."

"And who is this Crucher?"

"A devil's egg, deed is he. But he'll swar he's *Union*. But Triumph'll tell you who goes out with his gun, an' his horse an' his pistols—who rides most at night—whose face gits black as de clouds when de blue coats trabbel dis way; Triumph knows him—O! deed she does, mas'r."

"But do other people know him?"

"Sartin, mas'r—he's bad egg wid *Union* folk, is Crucher."

"And how did Triumph come to hear this plot?"

"Wall, Triumph's only sister in de Lord libs down dar yo see. An bein' as we'r boff ole an' feeble, mas'r gib her lebe to tote down thar. She took de little picaniny—*her* sister's gran' chile, yo see—*too* de Spring, an' 'twas berry late, an' she gwine along slow and soft, talkin' *too* de chile, an' as troo as de Lord libs *somebody* grabbed hole o' her down dar by de fence. Triumph no scar. 'Go long, chile,' sez she to de picaniny, soft like. 'Ise be wid yo dreck'ly.' Den she turns *too* de oder, 'What d'yo want?' right sharp—Triumph she's bold.

"'M'lissey,' said de strange voice, 'don' yo come nigh de cabin to-night; ef yo *does* yo'd git killed—come to-mor'r.'

"Triumph she—she kind o' turned 'way, an' de oder, he kind o' kissed her fore she know'd it. So she studied it a long time—de cabin must be dar—she knew it—been dar a tousand times. She called de picaniny, tole it to tote on home; den she went straight *too* de cabin, an crawled under de floor. Bless ya'r soul! Triumph no scar for a trifle. Bime by, she specks maybe an hour somebody walks in.

D'reckly nodder. She *heard* dem—*knowed* 'em. Dey go up in de lof, peek round—den gin to talk. How dey'd found out whar de rumination was—how dey'd taeck it, blow it up and play de debbil gen'ly wid yo all. An—an dey'd captiwate de young misis wid yo *fast*. Sebenty ob 'em—all wid pistols and guns. Shore's de Lord libs I tell you de truff. Triumph sez yo mus watch. Yo cobber up de misses in de wagons, I reckon?"

"Hazli! take my horse to the stable; give him ten ears of corn, and rub him down well. Yes, uncle," in a low tone, "I'll do as you say. There! don't tremble—I'll take care of everything. What can I do for you, uncle? this is the second time you have warned me."

"Deed no! Not for de worl. *No!*" (tartly.)

"I wont had one dollar ob it! what'd Triumph say? Ise wid yo—yo'r in de Lord's serbice—bress de Lord, His people are comin' out o' bondage."

"What ails you uncle? Why do you shiver?" inquired the colonel, kindly, as the old negro suddenly hung his head.

"Ise watched, I is. Don't yo look for de worl—Ise watched now."

The colonel arose, sauntered to a friend, lit a cigar, and pretended to observe the teams as they crossed the creek. Walking past the old negro ten minutes later, he said, in a low tone, "If you are afraid, sleep in one of the wagons."

"Ise gwine back home now," replied the other, quietly.

A few minutes later, when the colonel looked for him he had disappeared.

Satisfied that this was no idle story, the colonel prevailed upon Miss Richards to enter one of the covered wagons the next morning. The ammunition train was already as well guarded as it could be while moving; the largest detachments of cavalry were at either end, while several resolute mounted refugees rode close beside the wagons. Assured that the train was thoroughly guarded against surprise, the colonel next turned his attention to the by-roads and by-paths. These were vigilantly paced by scouts. He himself rode at the head of twenty resolute men a quarter of a mile in advance, keeping a sharp lookout.

When the train was within two miles of Big Springs, Colonel Collingwood fancied he observed a horseman riding beside a fence about a mile off. In an instant his glass was out.

"Matzel!" he exclaimed, in an abrupt tone, "head that fellow off. Dearing, take two men



and come round in his rear. Matzel—keep under cover until you come up on the ridge."

The colonel himself rode leisurely down the by-road towards the horseman with sixteen men at his heels. The horseman evidently suspected mischief; putting his horse at a smart trot he was fast lengthening the distance between himself and the colonel, when suddenly Matzel appeared directly ahead of him. Turning his horse's head rapidly, he galloped back to the by-road; but there again he was foiled by Dearing and his companions. Without a moment's hesitation he rode diagonally towards the woods a short distance off, and so rapidly that Colonel Collingwood, now thoroughly aroused, clapped his spurs to his horse as he gave the order—

"Forward!—gallop! that man must be made prisoner."

Seeing that he could not make the wood, the horseman leaped a high fence on the run, and resumed the by road, when Collingwood's party, with Matzel slightly in advance, thundered after him at a mad pace. Hoof, and spur, and sword clanked and jingled in the ears of the pursued. He was astride of a rare piece of horse-flesh; he could afford to turn back his face now with a laugh of derision.

"Twenty dollars and a furlough to the man that captures him!" exclaimed the colonel, as his horse labored up a steep hillside. "Ah!" he said the next minute, "here is a good road, for a wonder; forward, my men, forward, and he is ours!"

Not yet. The pursued swung along, apparently at an easy gait, that threatened to leave his pursuers far in his rear. Suddenly he disappeared.

"He has taken the road to Howell Springs!" exclaimed the Colonel, sharply. The race now became reckless. The colonel gained Matzel's side, and the two galloped over the rough stones at a frantic rate. Turning suddenly to the right, and up towards Howell Springs on a soft piece of road, they were relapsing into a steady trot, when two sharp reports were wafted to them on the breeze.

"Pistols those, are they not, Ben?"

"I think so, Colonel."

Once more at a gallop that threatened to ruin their steeds, they thundered on, urging their horses with whip and spur.

"What is that?—there!—there! Colonel!" exclaimed Matzel, with a horror-stricken countenance.

"Good Heavens! he is dead!—shot through the head—poor old uncle! Gallop for your

life, Matzel! There!—do you hear that? Murder is going on. Listen to those shots!—we are too late. FORWARD, men!—FORWARD! follow me, and we will capture those villains."

On and on, with the speed of the wind, until the foam stood out upon the panting steeds like huge flakes of snow; on, on, till the riders stood up straight in their stirrups, leaning over the saddle-bow, urging by the movements of their bodies the gasping steeds to quicken their already headlong speed, until the pursuers came in sight of a house upon the left side of the road, around which a dozen horsemen were gathered, while others were issuing from the house and preparing to mount their horses, which were tied or standing loose at the side of the road.

With the swiftness of lightning, the Unionists came down upon this band of marauders. Shots were exchanged, swords gleamed, oaths rung out with supplications.

"Give them no quarter! Shoot them down, every man of them!" cried Colonel Collingwood, as he aimed a tremendous blow at a tall man who emerged from the house as he rode up. The guerilla anticipated the blow by a shot. As he discharged his revolver directly at the face of Colonel Collingwood, Ben Matzel flung himself forwards across the Colonel's saddle-bow; the next moment he fell to the ground with a bullet through his head. The Colonel's sword, poised in air, descended upon the guerilla with a force that clove his skull. Those of the guerillas who succeeded in shaking off their assailants, clapped spurs to their horses and galloped madly away. The loss of their leader rendered them frantic in their fierce endeavors to escape. But three of them were captured; three others lay on the ground, among them the man whose skull had been opened by Colonel Collingwood's sword.

"I should know that face," said the colonel, as he looked down at the dying man.

"And I know you," replied the guerilla, with a fierce oath; Lyman Beazler never forgets his enemies." And with his last breath the miserable wretch cursed his slayer.

Colonel Collingwood, with several of his men, entered the house, when a horrible spectacle presented itself. Lying upon his own hearthstone, surrounded by his wife and three children, lay the owner of the house, riddled with bullets, stone dead. His blood trickled slowly down into a little hollow in the hearthstone.

The wife, who looked at the intruders calmly and coldly as they entered, still sat looking upon

the dead body of her husband with a stony stare that haunted the witnesses many weeks afterwards. One of the Deearings turned the body over and counted six wounds, any one of which would have proved fatal. This man, Hiram Sloan, had been shot down in the presence of his wife and children, simply because he had uttered Union sentiments. He had never molested any one. The simple utterance of his honest convictions was enough to condemn him in the minds of Beazler and his murderous gang, some of whom were doubtless his nearest neighbors. It was never known whether he had intended to warn the commander of the train, or had simply been murdered as the gang were passing, on the score of convenience. The murder of the old negro was more easily accounted for. Doubtless he had been pursued, and in endeavoring to escape had either encountered or was overtaken by the gang. Some thought it possible that Sloan had given him shelter, but his wife's statement disproved the latter theory. But the naked fact that Sloan was shot six times in the presence of his wife and children by a band of armed ruffians, and that the old negro was murdered within a mile of his house, will not be denied by any one now living within ten miles of Big Springs.

When the body of Ben Matzel was prepared for burial, it was discovered that the successful scout, the brave soldier, who had never been known to utter a single complaint, the sunny-tempered companion, was a woman, who had laid down her life for that of the man whom she followed cheerfully through all the trying vicissitudes of a soldier's life. The discovery cast a gloom over Colonel Collingwood, which, to this day has never been wholly obliterated. But inasmuch as he receives, at regular intervals, fairy-like missives from the East, (whither Miss Richards went at his earnest solicitations) there are those who prophesy that all that the colonel wants is a wife to cheer him up, and that ere the war is over, he will swear allegiance to a power universally conceded to govern with silken reins; perhaps the sober air which invests him at times may be owing to circumstances far different from those commonly supposed by those who hear the story of Ben Matzel.

How the immense train crossed Salt river in safety at West Point; how it was welcomed with cheers by the needy army in Louisville, and how the Rebels were chagrined upon learning that it had eluded their most vigilant guerilla leaders, is matter of history.

## A PECULIAR MINISTER.

BY ELLEN DERRY.

"My dear," said the minister's wife, "I wish you would not wear that vest when you work in the garden. You will spoil it."

"The vest is pretty, and I like to wear it," was the somewhat deprecating reply, as he looked down and stroked the rich velvet. It did seem a little incongruous when contrasted with the rest of his dress and his surroundings—coarse shoes, coarse linen coat, and palm-leaf hat, the hoe in his hand, and the low-roofed log house, in the door of which he stood during the above colloquy.

Yet his wife knew, even while she remonstrated, that it was no vain love of dress which prompted him to wear it. It had been presented to him by the ladies of his first congregation—the remembrance of which to a minister is like the memory of a man's first love, dearer to his heart than any other can be. So he loved to carry about his person that pleasant souvenir of pleasant scenes in the shape of a velvet vest. His persistence in so doing, how-

ever, marked him as a peculiar man, and we may find some amusement, perhaps some profit, in noting other of his peculiarities.

Difficulties had arisen in that first church; one or two influential men became dissatisfied—the old story over again—and he had left them to seek peace and unity under a new pastor, and had carried the aching smart of severed ties, and the pleasant memory of friends, into the backwoods. A feeble church in the wilderness welcomed him to the pulpit, but he found that, even with the assistance of the Home Missionary Society, they could not give him more than enough to buy bread for his family and a very scanty supply of clothing. So resolving, like Paul, to labor with his own hands for the rest, he went and invested what funds were left of the small inheritance he had received from his father in a partly-improved farm, whose owner wished to move farther West. There was a small balance due, for which he gave his note, and he and his family

took possession of the above-mentioned log-house.

They were very happy, in spite of the ominous head-shakings of one or two men, who said—"It isn't best for a minister to own a house in these days, unless it could be put on wheels. • No minister is likely to stay long enough in one place to make it worth while to buy a farm."

The majority, however, were glad to see it. It opened an easy way for many of them to pay their subscriptions. A day's work here and there, a few bushels of corn, potatoes or wheat for seed, a few sheep from one, and a cow from another, were taken in this way, while some would put in several "days' works" and charge nothing for it.

So it came to pass that the minister's sermons were cogitated over the plough, or hoe, or while swinging the scythe, and committed to paper whenever his mind was clearest, or, as he expressed it, he felt most like writing. Such times were always conscientiously devoted to study, no matter how tempting the sky and fields, or how urgent the work. Then, late in the afternoon, the farming implements or the pea were thrown aside, and he would mount old sorrel and jog away over the hills, making pastoral visits.

Mrs. Hall found plenty to do to clothe, and feed, and teach her four little ones, and she found herself greatly assisted in bearing this and the other burdens imposed upon her as a minister's wife, by the consciousness that their own corn, wheat and potatoes were growing in the fields around the house, their cow was luxuriating in the rich pasture on the hill-side, a perpetual surety for milk and butter, their sheep and lambs were feeding and frolicking in another pasture, ready to sacrifice their thick coats for clothing, or yield their throats to the knife of the butcher to furnish food; while their poultry crowed and cackled in the barn-yard, giving cheerful promise of fresh eggs, to say nothing of chicken pies and roast turkeys, in case she were called upon to entertain angels unawares in the shape of hungry travelling preachers. And strange as it may seem, the worldly mindedness which one would think must have been induced by such a state of earthly prosperity, did not build her up, or distract her mind from the peculiar duties of her peculiar calling. She taught her Bible-class with even more interest and unction than formerly. She visited the sick, and, while she pointed out the way of peace to their souls, she ministered to their physical wants with

soothing syrups and pleasant dainties, prepared from the fruits of her own trees, with the taste and skill of true refinement.

"This is our home," she would sometimes say to her children, "and, although we may not always stay here, we will enjoy it as much as possible while we do stay, and try to make it pleasant and attractive for whoever may come after us."

So they set out roses and honeysuckles, and trained the wild trumpet-creeper until it climbed all over the cottage, and its orange scarlet blossoms even looked defiantly down the chimney. They set out their little fruit-trees, and laid large plans about orchards all their own, and petted their chickens and their lambs, and took long lessons from the sweet book of Nature, never to be forgotten in all after years.

Three years passed away thus. The farm was paid for and well stocked, and the home-feeling had grown strong in the hearts of the minister and his family, when some restless spirit in the church intimated that "a change would be beneficial. They were stronger now, and could afford to hire a smarter man than Mr. Hall."

The mischief grew without any one's knowing exactly why, and at the end of the year they passed a vote not to employ the Rev. Mr. Hall another year. It was no unexpected news to him. He was by no means a stupid man, and he had seen the spirit that was working among the people, and, although sorry, he was not very much cast down.

"Our crops are good this year," said he, "and we have enough to live on until I can look around and get another place. The farm is in good order, and I can rent it or sell it easily."

"It wouldn't be half so hard to leave if it were not for this pleasant home," sighed the wife.

"We are to be pilgrims and strangers, you know," said he; but he took his hat and walked rapidly away from the house.

A pilgrim and a stranger he was perfectly willing to be, and to give up all earthly ties and possessions for Christ; but it seemed like a hard task to tear his family away, and to realize within himself how their hearts must ache at leaving their home.

Trying to reconcile himself to the bitter cup he was thus called to drink, he reached a little knoll which overlooked his pastures and grain fields. The wheat, almost ready for cutting, showed by the way it heavily swept before the

breeze the richness of the crop. The tall corn, bright in the full luxuriance of its summer greenness, rustled quietly and pleasantly, and between the rows he caught here and there a glimpse of a pumpkin, rounding into full growth against autumn needs.

"It were better not to have encumbered myself with all this," said he to himself, and a keen pang of self-reproach mingled itself with his saddened feelings, for he took his dismissal from that pulpit as a providential indication that he had done wrong in buying his farm. So prone are we to interpret providence according to our own preconceived ideas.

Just then old sorrel put his nose over the fence and whinnied for some token of recognition. As he caressed the velvet nose and pulled the shaggy mane, there suddenly flashed across his mind the remembrance of a rough and steep bridle-path over hills and down into deep ravines. It led to a lonely school-house, situated in a small level opening on the bank of a clear stream, on the opposite side of which there rose a steep and high hill. It was a wild, romantic spot, and the recollections of certain meetings he had enjoyed there came vividly before him. Those who gathered there were a simple people in this world's wisdom, but the wisdom of the gospel was a precious boon to them, and when he could gain time to go over there and hold two or three meetings on a week-day, how gladly they would leave their work to attend. Now he was at liberty to go to them on the Sabbath; and there was a settlement still farther on which he might visit, and perhaps there could be a church gathered there.

His views of providential indications in regard to his farm underwent a sudden transformation, for had not God given him the means for self-support while he should be engaged in this missionary work? Giving a farewell pat to old sorrel's nose, he turned towards the house to communicate the plan to his wife. He smiled as he walked along to think of the proud plans he had formed when in college; of his more moderate but still glowing aspirations after he decided to study theology; his brilliant air-castles when he entered upon his first charge; and now—he pictured himself living in a log-house in the back woods, without even the dignity of a pulpit of his own, equipped in overcoat and green baize "leggings," with his sermons in his saddle-bags or hat, riding over the hills to such rustic preaching-places as he could find. The inconveniences once noticed by an emi-

nent D. D. in speaking before the General Assembly of the difficulties of laboring "out West," troubled him not at all.

He had often "actually been obliged to stand up and preach without any pulpit, or table, or even a chair before him, or *anything to hold on to*;" and, if he thought of it at all, had rejoiced at being thus enabled to proclaim glad tidings to the *poor*. Still, when he talked with his wife, there was a struggle of womanly, wifely pride in her heart at the thought of his settling down into a "mere itinerant."

"Say rather, my dear," said he, "an evangelist, an apostle, if you will, but let me be the privileged gardener who may watch the growth of a vine of His own right hand's planting, even from its first budding here among these hills. I shall be satisfied."

So he went through summer sun, and autumn rain, and winter snows, over the hills, and through the forests, and sowed the good seed beside all waters, wherever he found opportunity, charging no man anything, but thankfully accepting whatever was offered, as a tribute to the Gospel which he preached, and a proof that the people, among whom he was laboring, had among themselves the elements of a self-sustaining church.

The young minister who came to occupy the pulpit he had left vacant, naturally enough felt a little uneasy at finding the former minister's family in their accustomed pew every Sabbath, and, at first, he heartily wished they would change their residence; but he was met with such frank cordiality, so little allusion was made to the change which had taken place, and they seemed so really glad of his society, that he very soon laid aside all distrustful feelings and became warmly attached to Mr. Hall and his family.

The year rolled round, and Mr. Hall had organized two small churches in the wilderness, for which he had all the proud and tender feeling of a parent for his children, and he was looking forward to a long period of usefulness in ministering to them; but Mr. Brelsford, the young minister, received a call to a more inviting field, and the church, concluding that they could do no better, offered him his old position. He would only accept it on condition that he might be allowed to spend a portion of his time with the feeble flocks in the wilderness, unable, as yet, to support a minister of their own. This being agreed to, he went into his old pulpit as if he had only left it "to take a short vacation at the request of a loving people," and broke

the bread of life to them in all meekness and humility.

The two little churches grew and strengthened, until they were able to hire a minister between them, and the two brethren together turned their attention to establishing other churches wherever, by the most vigilant and faithful labor, they could find or make an opening. They were a "Home Missionary Society" in themselves, and a most efficient one too, for being right on the ground they knew just what was needed, and furnished it themselves, getting a large portion of their support from the soil—Mr. Williams, the younger minister, having hired a farm—and encountering hardship, difficulty, and even danger. No doubt those toilsome journeys through the wilderness on foot, or on horseback, were noted by divine and angel eyes, and, when the swollen stream would have carried away horse and rider, or the treacherous quicksands would have swallowed them up, or the hurricane, sweeping down tall forests in its path, would have overwhelmed them, they "cried unto the Lord and were saved." Or when rough and cruel men, enraged by their opposition to Sabbath-breaking, or other vicious and unlawful practices, would have harmed them, or driven them out, the spirit of God prevailed, and the men were either converted or driven away in silence; but man, outside of their sphere of action, took but little notice of these things.

It was no "fauna" or "flora" they sought on those steep hill-sides, nor did geological, or mineralogical research lead them into those deep and sullen looking ravines; neither did any surveyor's instruments indicate that either governmental or private enterprise had sent them out to measure and divide those broad and rich river lands. But they toiled as no scientific explorer or government employee ever did toil, to enlarge the boundaries of the kingdom of Christ, and to discover and polish gems fit to be worn in His crown. As years passed on, there rose up men in the church who, like David's mighty men of old, went out with them to this work, and found access to many a hardened sinner no minister ever could have reached. Boys who, untamed at first as wild antelopes, had been enticed into the Sabbath-school, and there learned to know and love the Gospel, went forth and studied, and having girded on their armor, went abroad to scatter good seed in other regions. A love for intelligence and refinement grew among the people; schools grew and flourished; an

academy was started; literary and religious journals found their way into the houses, and by the time the frost began to settle thickly on the heads of those self-denying men, they began to reap the fruit of their toil. No difficulties or trials in their fields of labor had been allowed to drive them away. Not one of many tempting offers had been able to call them from their chosen field. Their children had grown up with that sweet love of home which is so nearly rooted out in the hearts of many ministers' families. They had been able, by avoiding the waste and expense of frequent changes, to give them all good educations. They married well, and took positions of honor and trust in the community, and now, with grand-children clustering about them, and surrounded by those whom they have known and watched over from their youth, these *peculiar* men enjoy the *peculiar* happiness of sitting under their own vines and fig trees, in calm expectation of the hour when they shall say with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

## HOME.

BY H.

Two birds in one nest,  
Two flowers on one stem,  
Two drops that unite  
In one crystal gem.

The birds rocked to rest,  
In the leafy trees;  
The flowerets caressed  
By the whispering breeze.

The crystal concealed  
In the heart of a rose,  
While around it the folds  
Of its soft petals close.

Two hearts that unite  
'Neath one bosom to beat,  
Beating to time  
Of love's dancing feet.

Aubrey, in his manuscript collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand and says, "Strike me;" and if the other strike, the bargain holds; whence the phrase, "striking a bargain."



## LITTLE AMY.

BY P. H. R.

Oh, the wind, how it roared and whistled around the great corner room so lonely and silent! for the little nestling in the crib, and the soft breathing could hardly be heard this gusty night. The heavy door with its glass handle, stood partly open, so that the light from the hall below threw ghostly shadows on the high walls, and gleamed uncertainly among the carvings of the white ceiling.

A little brown head was raised from the pillow, and a grotesque shadow fell on the closed shutters of one of the deep front windows. Amy felt almost like a woman in the day time, when the sun shone in on the nursery carpet, and she sat in her little chair with playthings all around her; but when bed-time came, and she went into the great room, she seemed to grow small—"as small as a baby," she thought, when she climbed timidly into the arm-chair by the side of the massive bedstead, and stood on tip-toe to reach the top of the mahogany bureau. Now she rested on one arm listening to the strokes of the clock down stairs, and her voice sounded very soft and weak as she counted ten, and she lay down again feeling smaller than ever.

The talking and laughing in the parlor had almost ceased; the guests were leaving, one after another, or passing up stairs to their rooms, and Amy's heart beat fast as she wondered if her mother would, after all, come in to bid her good night. The first part of the evening she believed that she would, and the hope kept her awake all through the long hours. She was tired now and her faith almost failed. She was such a little thing, in a tiny crib way off in that far corner! She hardly believed that any one would remember to look in upon her. But she wanted to see her mother so much! and her lip quivered, and she hid her face under the sheet to cry. But ma didn't like to see her cry. She found her crying one night and didn't come again for a great while, so she wiped her eyes on the sleeve of her nightgown, and looked around again on the dusky room. She could see through the open door the great oaken balustrade of the staircase, and when she heard a new sound from the parlor, she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of ma's hand passing over it as she came up to her room.

Her head ached watching and listening; she felt afraid as the house grew stiller. The wind howling through the chimney and rattling the fireboard, seemed to be harshly laughing at her and her wishes; the pillar at the corner of the balusters with a shawl thrown over it, all at once walked up to the door and stepped inside of her room—or so Amy thought, for she was becoming nervous, and everything around her appeared strange and unnatural. The snake's head on the umbrella near the door began to crawl and hiss; she covered her face with the sheet and hardly dared to cry, for when she sobbed the four posts of the bedstead seemed so many faces frowning on her, and jolly Punch holding matches on the bureau, grinned hideously, she thought. She forgot that he wasn't alive, and wondered how he could be merry when he saw her so sorrowful.

But now there were steps in the lower hall, and Amy braved all the ugly faces that scowled at her from dark shadows, and sat up in bed to listen. No, it wasn't ma coming up stairs. Oh, how she wished she knew whether she should see her! She longed for anything to put an end to this doubt. She thought to herself that God knew whether ma would come in there or not; perhaps He knew that she wouldn't come, and that was so sad it made her cry again; but perhaps God knew that she was coming—in a few minutes, it might be—and what if she should find her crying! She almost choked herself trying to stop; she took both little hands and brushed the hair back from her throbbing temples, for she had tumbled it up getting down under the clothes in her fright. She wished she could go and bathe her eyes, but she was afraid there wouldn't be time; so she smoothed the pillow and turned the sheet over carefully with her trembling fingers, and trying very hard to smile, waited with wide open eyes for ma.

Then ma's hand with the flashing diamond on it, slipped lightly over the railing as she stepped up stairs. Amy's heart fairly stood still. What a tumult of hope and fear she was in! but there was a sound of creaking hinges on the other side of the hall, and a key turned in the lock. It was all over with Amy for that night, she knew. Ma had forgotten the little

girl in the corner of the great room. She kept Eliza to take care of her.

Amy cried no more, but her eyes wouldn't shut. There was a restless longing in her heart for somebody's arms to be around her, and somebody's lips to be laid against hers. When ma didn't think to come, there was nobody to kiss her but Eliza; and Eliza's kiss always said, "There, now, I've finished up my day's work and got you off to bed!" there was but little comfort in such a kiss as that.

Amy stole through the great empty hall to the nursery. She picked up her little doll Fanny, and clasping it in her arms went back to the crib. She thought the world would seem less large and lonely, if she slept in a little room, where so much wind couldn't blow against the walls; but somebody must sleep in the old-fashioned room over the unused parlor, and Amy neither screamed nor said she

wouldn't, so her crib was moved into the corner, and Eliza was told to tuck her in every night.

Now she lay down and turned her face towards the wall in patient disappointment, saying, "Yes, God knew that ma wasn't coming." She repeated her prayer once more, and hugged and kissed the doll, thinking how it would feel to be like little Fanny, held so lovingly against a warm-heart; and trying to be contented in the little doll's happiness, she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

Poor Amy! how sad we are when we think of her lonely, innocent face laid so close to the doll's hard, cold cheek; but how much sadder when we remember poor ma, with her silks and jewels and admiring guests! Poor ma! who forgot that she had a little child with a tender, yearning heart, in the crib between the windows of the great corner room!

## WHETHER IT PAID.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER III.

As a general thing people ascend very smoothly and naturally into good fortunes. It is much harder and slower to learn how to bear and use poverty than it is wealth.

The Spencers formed no exception to this rule; and in a very little while that sense of novelty in contemplating their wealth, which incarnated itself in Ella's "To think we are rich people now!" had quite worn off. Riches seemed quite their natural element, in which they could disport themselves as smoothly and readily as fish in waters, and the memory of the old days of anxiety and comparative poverty grew to each member of the family very much "like the memory of storms which die below the horizon."

*Pater familias* had invested a considerable slice of his fortune in a five-story, brown-stone palace, on one of the most fashionable streets up town. The upholstering was of the very latest style—damask and velvet, gilt and rose-wood—a little too showy, perhaps, for people who liked quiet tones, but in very good taste after all—everything of this sort being referred to the decision of the elder sisters, and the whole appointments forming a kind of compromise betwixt the tastes of the two—Jerusha's inclining always to dark, plain tones

in everything, and Ella's to higher and more salient ones.

For the rest they kept their fine carriage, their blood horses, their liveried coachman. They had numerous servants, and solid silver, and whatsoever else they regarded as indispensable to illustrate their new wealth and importance. Mrs. Spencer rustled in brocades and point lace. Her figure expanded with her fortunes, and gave her a little air of dowdiness rather than the dignity she felt it incumbent on her to cultivate in the new home, whose honors she always did with a little inward trepidation. With her daughters, some individuality discovered itself in the use and enjoyment of their fortune.

It was an easy matter, of course, for the whole family to obtain the "entree" of the best society, as they termed the fashionable people who called in carriages and left cards for soirees.

Ella affiliated at once with all the gayeties and excitements of fashionable life. She fairly radiated at balls, operas, and grand parties, and always proved herself equal to the occasion. She was of just the material of which belles are made—dashing, showy, vivacious. Her dresses gave promise in number and style of equalling Queen Elizabeth's traditional wardrobe, and were always, from bonnet-

string to shoe-tie, of the latest and most expensive sort.

With the elder sister it was somewhat different. That she enjoyed to the full, as was natural to her age and circumstances, this new life of elegance and luxury in all its directions, could not be for a moment disputed. Who would not? The riches that enable one to touch life on so many new sides, which open to it so many new avenues of beauty and enjoyment, are a thing pleasant and to be desired. Jerusha Spencer had her diamonds, her fine laces, her multifarious and costly dresses, like her sister. She joined more or less in the gayeties of the season, and the circle amid which she was thrown; but, after all, there was a difference. Ella was always "raving," as her brother Andrew, somewhat contemptuously, termed her chatter, about the opera. Jerusha's highest delight and enjoyment was in pictures and sculpture, above all in the little alcove library that opened out of her room with its dark-grained cases of books, and its pearly-tinted walls hung with little gems of color and fine engravings, where she passed with her books several hours of every day.

Ella dabbled in French because it was fashionable. Jerusha had several masters, and devoted herself to varied forms of study, simply for the love of it.

Agnes aspired to "come out" as soon as they were established in their new home; but this was overruled by her sisters, and the eldest daughter represented to her parents in such forcible terms the importance of strict devotion to her studies during the next three or four years to their youngest daughter, that her father resolutely placed Agnes at a day school, and her mother insisted on a prompt attendance.

The best thing about the girl was, that she was loyal through all their change of fortunes to the favorite playfellow of humbler days, fortified in this devotion by her elder sister, although Ella more than once insinuated that it was best now to ignore all past and vulgar associations.

But with the utterance of this sentiment Jerusha always came bravely to the rescue.

"How can you, Ella, put such false notions into the child's head?" with that little indignant throb along her tones that they all knew so well. "Agnes's friend is a sweet, lady-like little girl, in every way as worthy of her friendship as she was before our father made his fortune."

"I don't dispute that, Rusha; neither need

you fire up so; but, of course, one must drop old friends and associations with new habits and styles of living. I fancy even you, with all your high-flown sentiment, would find it rather disagreeable to introduce some of our former acquaintances into our present set."

"That may be; but I would not forsake a friend that I had loved and trusted above all others, solely because my father had made a fortune and hers had not."

And Agnes, with that perplexed girlish face of hers, alternating from one sister to the other, would catch the contagion of the higher sentiment of her elder sister, and say fervently—

"I know you're right, Rusha, and I won't give up dear little Grace because I'm rich, anyhow."

And of whatsoever salt of right feeling and true purpose was to be found in this family, it was hidden in the soul of Jerusha Spencer. But was it sufficient to save her or them? or among such counteracting influences would it too lose its savor?"

As for John Spencer, the mania of speculation had taken thorough possession of him, body and soul. He found ways and means enough to dispose of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which at first seemed so vast and inexhaustible to him. Indeed, that sum had dwindled in his thought to greatly smaller proportions since the night on which he declared himself its possessor to his family. He had embarked in various speculations since that time, in most of which he had been successful; but, if the truth must be told, his temper had not improved with his fortunes. He had really fewer genial moods in his family than when he was a poor man; he was nervous, irritable, abstracted, and his mind seemed constantly to revolve about "stocks," "shares and dividends." He was forever complaining of the expenses and extravagance of his family, but for all this he never absolutely restricted them, and entertained an unacknowledged conviction that his present style of living was the necessary concomitants of his fortunes.

He had, of course, very little oversight of his sons, although he had included them all in his business; but the duties of the young men at the counting-house were merely nominal, and their time was pretty much at their own disposal.

The dangers that inhered in this new wealth was greatest for them. Andrew aspired to be a "fast young man." He smoked the finest Havanas, rode fast horses, joined a club, was out late at suppers and theatres, affected the

slang phrases of his "set," and afforded a mischievous example to his brothers, who were both at the most flexible and imitative age.

Indeed, Tom and Guy affected a certain style of "rowdiness" in their talk and manners which made their mother shake her head sometimes, and wonder "what her boys was coming to;" but she had a vague impression that no serious moral mischief could ever befall any of her children, and their father was so much engrossed with business now-a-days, that she shrank from calling his attention to any delinquencies of his sons, so much that was wrong went unrebuked, for Mrs. Spencer's oburgations lacked character and force, and had a strange facility of "going in at one ear and out at the other." There was therefore very little home restraint upon the young men, who followed pretty much the devices of their own hearts and the desires of their own eyes, regarding themselves as amenable to neither God nor man.

"Guy," exclaimed Andrew to his youngest brother one evening, as the family rose from the dinner-table and walked into the drawing-room, "I want your night-key, for I shant be in before two o'clock—off on a bust to-night."

"What have you done with your own?" asked the youth, evidently in some doubt about granting this request.

"Lost it last night at the club-supper—capital time we fellows had there!"

"By jingo!" interpolated Tom, "I mean to join that club next month; jolly fellows, they!" and he fingered the mustache which he had been assiduously cultivating, and which made now a faint yellow line about his upper lip.

"You'd better believe that. Sow their wild oats with a vengeance, sir!" added the elder brother, taking out a cigar, and lighting a taper at the grate, which had been one of Jerusha's fancies.

"Well, Andrew, let's make it a bargain. You shall have the night-key if you'll take me to the club some evening," proposed Guy, who was still in the clumsiness and awkwardness of the transition period from boyhood to youth.

Andrew surveyed his brother patronizingly. He had himself emerged somewhat suddenly from his chrysalis into a certain sort of dandyism. He had a trim figure, which his fashionable tailor invested with the finest of broadcloth, and the slight swagger which he affected in his walk pervaded more or less his manners and talk; but there was, as each of

his family could testify, a great deal of kindness and good-heartedness in Andrew's nature at the beginning. He had no lack of smartness and intelligence either; the great danger lay for him in his father's wealth.

"You're a little too fresh for the club yet," he said; "when you're slightly riper, I'll take you out;" and with this promise Guy had to be content, and handed over the key.

The large drawing-room, with its handsome appointments, its velvet carpets and lounging chairs, its gilt, and marble, and damask, was a wonderful contrast to the quiet little sitting-room, in which less than a year before the family of the Spencers had discussed their new fortunes.

The father sat in the corner he and his chair had appropriated from the beginning, absorbed in the papers which were scattered about him. His wife, fatigued with her day's shopping, was starting up at intervals out of little dozes that threatened to prolong themselves into a nap. The trio of brothers had settled themselves about the table. Rusha had comfortably bestowed herself on a corner of the lounge, and was absorbed in her book. Ella sat a little apart, contemplating a new set of ebony and pearl, which she had purchased that very day, and Agnes was leaning over her sister's chair, in admiring and slightly covetous contemplation.

"See here," exclaimed Ella, looking up with sudden animation, "it is high time that we gave a party; I mean a real crush—something that will create a sensation. Society has claims upon us now, and we've been invited out so frequently, that it wont do to let the matter slide any longer. Do you hear what I say, Rusha?"

"Ye-es," answered that young lady, looking up from her book with a pre-occupied manner.

"Well, you're as much interested in the matter as I am; I want the thing to go off in grand style."

"A Number One," interjected Tom.

"Precisely; I'm *au fait* in these things now. We needn't have any trouble with the entertainment, for the confectioner will see to all that. The only thing will be to get up the cards of invitations and our dresses, and play host and hostess as though we had given parties all our lives."

"She'll make the governor's money fly—wont she, though?" exclaimed Andrew, shaking the ashes from his cigar.

"Well, what's the money good for, except to spend?" retorted his sister.

"That's it; go it while you're young," pursued Tom.

"But, Rusha, about the party—you know it will all fall on your shoulders and mine, and I want you to wake up to the importance of it."

"I suppose I must," closing her book this time with a sort of wearied air.

"Must! why, I thought you liked parties, and would enter into one of your own with spirit."

"I got tired of them, to tell the truth, before the season was half over. They're all glitter, display, vapidness; still, as we are in society, I suppose there's no help for it; we must fulfil the duties it imposes."

"I think it's too bad," interposed Agnes, who occasionally waxed restive under school-discipline, "that you all can have a good time, and be in society, and do just as you like, and I have to be bound down to my books and lessons, and can't have a bit of fun."

"Never mind; your turn's coming, and you'll spread yourself like the rest of them one of these days," answered Tom.

"Now stop your talk and come back to the party," said Ella, with that peremptoriness which it required some effort to resist. "When shall it come off, Rusha?"

"Whenever you like, only I think the sooner it is over the better."

"You are funny, Rusha. One would expect, now, you'd enter into the thing with your whole heart. For my part, I expect to enjoy it vastly," getting up and sweeping the carpet with the trail of her purple silk.

The next half hour was passed in discussion, animated at least on one sister's part, and in which the other gradually became interested, on the time, numbers, and general details of the anticipated party.

At last, when these had been in a measure settled, Ella turned to her father, having learned from experience that an unexpected and importunate attack on his purse was the surest method of carrying the day—

"Do you hear, pa? We are going to have a grand reception, Wednesday night, week after next, and you must let us prepare for it."

"A regular squelcher—fuss and feathers!" added the eldest of the family.

"Oh, Andrew," said Rusha, with a flash of annoyance in her face, "I do wish you'd be gentleman enough to drop those slang phrases, at least in the presence of your mother and sisters."

"If you are so very squeamish, you can put your fingers in your ears, I s'pose. What's the

use of catching a fellow up every time he opens his mouth?" retorted Andrew, in a surly tone.

"Tut, tut, no quarrelling here." This was from Mr. Spencer, who had just roused himself from a contemplation of the rise at the Stock Board that day, and on whom the last remarks had made some vague impression. "What's this you're saying about grand parties, Ella?"

The question somehow penetrated the "nap" into which Mrs. Spencer's intermittent doses had confirmed themselves. She started up from the depths of her luxurious chair, rubbed her eyes, and looked in a sort of vague perplexity from her husband to her daughter; but the look settled at last into one of intent interest.

Ella answered her father's question straight to the point, amplifying somewhat on the imperative necessity of the thing, and concluding with a general description of the way in which the whole must be carried out, as though it was a thing already settled beyond contravention.

"Piece of extravagant nonsense. The fact is, my family have got it into their heads that I'm made of money."

"No use for the governor to storm; he'll have to shell out," muttered Andrew to his brothers, eliciting from both a laugh and a "That's so! Ella comes right down on him like a thousand of brick!"

"Pa!" John Spencer's second daughter infused into that correlative an emphasis whose meaning was perfectly apparent to those who heard it. "Would you have your family relinquish society altogether? Or have it said that while you allowed your wife and daughters to go to parties you were too stingy to give one in turn?"

This was turning a view of the case towards the successful speculator which he had never contemplated. He changed his argument and somewhat mollified his tone.

"Awful bore," he muttered. "Rush and jam. Always set my face against them."

It was now Rusha's turn to speak.

"But, pa, you know, as Ella says, we owe something to society. I am sure, for my own part, I heartily wish the thing was over; but the only way is to get through with it."

"And a pretty bill of expense you'll make of it among you before that," added Mr. Spencer.

"But it will be our only party this season, pa, and we'll have all our friends, and do the thing up at once," said Ella, by way of reducing her father to complacency.

Here Mrs. Spencer interposed in a voice



faintly querulous. "I s'pose the care will all come on me—for you girls will have your heads full of nothing but dress, and fol-de-rol, and I never shall be able to get through it in the world."

"Oh, ma, now don't go to fretting," expostulated Ella, in not the most respectful tone in the world, but that was probably less the daughter's than the mother's fault. "The whole thing will be managed without giving you any farther trouble than to receive your guests," and she went on for the next half hour, proving how admirably her active observation and perceptive faculties had served her, and how entirely she was at home in all the details of a fashionable party.

At the end of this time, Andrew having dispatched his second cigar, rose up, evidently with the intention of going out. He was arrested near the door by his father's inquiry,

"Off again to-night, Andrew! Where do you spend your evenings?"

The young man looked a little surprised, and not over-much pleased, at this instance of paternal solicitude, but he answered—

"I was going over to the club to see some of the fellows."

"Well, I hope you'll look out sharp what sort of company you keep. I didn't relish the actions of some of those young fellows who dropped into the office to see you to-day. It was evident that they had more wine than wit aboard."

"They're a jolly crew, and had just come in from a horse-race on the Bloomingdale road, and their side had won the bets," replied Andrew, half standing on the defensive, half apologetic for his friends, and he went out.

"Andrew laid a two hundred dollar wager in that race. I overheard them talking it over," muttered Guy, to his brother.

"Hush," said Tom; "the governor will hear you, and then there will be a storm. But Andrew was a lucky dog, for he won the bet."

"Yes, and sunk most of it in a treat the same night. It takes him to put things through with a vengeance, and he has a way of making the governor fork over, as none of the rest of us can."

Rusha had closed her book, for she was naturally of a restless habit, never occupying one place or attitude for any length of time, and she walked up to the mirror on one side of the room, and stood a moment in front of it.

A vast mirror it was, occupying with its heavy gilding the place of honor betwixt twin

fleeces of lace curtains, and repeating the large room and the figures that occupied it, to the life. Her father and mother on either side of the mantel, her sisters making a pretty tableaux at a side table, the fine, showy figure of the one in contrast with that light, girlish other leaning over it, while Ella was busily occupied in pencilling down a list of invitations for the projected party. And near where she stood, at another and larger table, were her brothers, in those sort of loose, self-assertive attitudes, which harmonized with their general style of talk.

Of all these things Rusha had a vague, half-conscious impression, as she stood close to the mirror, and of the face looking at hers, with a sudden surprise and fear in the bright, dark eyes, that did not end there, but somehow invested every feature, even to the lips which were slightly dropped apart, as one's are apt to be when intently listening.

Nobody saw this face in the mirror, or the one outside of it. The brothers went on talking, in a low, chuckling sort of tone, quite unconscious indeed that Rusha had changed her position. In a moment, however, Tom rose, throwing a glance in the direction of his father, who was once more deep in the Stock Board, and left the room.

He was drawing on his overcoat, when a soft hand was laid on his arm, and turning he encountered Rusha, with something in her face—he could not tell what, until her words made it clear.

"Oh, Tom, that was not true what you said about Andrew, just now?"

"What business had you to overhear it anyhow?" he answered, considerably annoyed.

"I stood by the glass, and I couldn't help it. But, Tom, this is terrible. If Andrew is spending his father's money in betting and drinking, surely you ought to tell him."

"I think I see myself doing it," his annoyance working into high displeasure. "A pretty storm we should have about our ears. Girls better mind their own affairs, and not poke themselves into their brothers' business."

She would not be rebuffed even by such harshness as this.

"It is my business, Tom," she said, with a little quiver in her voice, "if any of the brothers that I love are in danger of temptation, or falling into any habits which I know are wrong, and sin."

"Oh, bosh!" with a petulant movement of the arm on which her hand lay.

"Tom!"

"Well," half angry, half ashamed of himself, and his answer combining defence of himself and accusation of his sister, "I say now, what is a fellow to do when a girl comes round him with the pious and pathetic in this style? Of course Andrew must sow his wild oats, and have his little spree like the rest of his set. They're all young fellows in high life."

"What do you mean by 'sprees,' Tom?"

"You must be green," Rusha, to ask that question."

"Perhaps so, but I asked it."

"Well, then, getting tight more or less, on champagne and claret."

"Tom," the gravity of her face deepening into a shocked expression, "you do not mean to say that our Andrew—gets drunk?"

"That's putting it like a girl. I mean only to say, that he does just the very things that the rest of his set do, whether it's betting on fast horses, playing cards, or drinking champagne. Where's the harm of it!"

"Oh, Tom, has it come to this, and his father and mother not suspecting a word of it?"

"Rusha Spencer, you are just making a fool of yourself. Do you think your brothers—at least Andrew and I, are going to ask their marm every time they go out, or have you following, and whining about in this fashion, as though a glass of champagne, or a fast horse, was the highway to ruin. I say, I won't stand it," pushing away her hand with considerable roughness, and settling himself in his overcoat with a good deal of demonstration.

"Oh, Tom, this from you!" said Rusha, with a little grieved underdrawn breath; to which her brother made no reply, drawing on his gloves, and taking his hat and his cane, and going out, not speaking another word.

Just as he turned to close the door, however, the young man darted a glance back, and saw his sister standing there, at the foot of the wide flight of stairs, her head leaning against the balustrade, and the tears shining in her eyes.

The front door swung sharply to, she heard his feet ring down the front steps, and still she stood there, just as Tom had seen her last, and as his thought carried her down the street, with the troubled, grieved look in her face, and which he could not put away. She was standing there still, two or three minutes later, when the key was turned again in the lock, and Tom entered, and found her just as he had left her.

"Rusha," he said, "I s'pose I was a kind of brute to answer you just as I did, but you

know how it is, we fellows can't bear to have girls come round, putting their fingers in our affairs. It springs us right off. But, come now, you musn't mind my talk."

Rusha knew that with his high spirit and fiery temper, it had cost Tom something to return and make this concession, and that he was at least two-thirds ashamed of an act that did credit to his better nature. She yielded to her first impulse of forgiveness and affection, and reached up and kissed him.

"Nonsense," but the word did not go into his tone, and her ground was safe now.

"You will not be angry with me again for loving you too well, Tom? If any grief should come to you, or Andrew, or Guy, it would break my heart."

"There it goes again; fretting yourself over a glass of champagne; foolish little girl."

But she knew now that her words had touched the tender place in the boy's nature, hidden under many foibles and boyish weaknesses, under much that was immature and intolerable, and self-assertive, but when it was found, kindly responsive, affectionate.

"Then if you think I am foolish, remember that it is my love for you that makes me so; but I know, Tom, perhaps better than you think, some of the dangers that lie in wait on every side to destroy young men, body and soul. Oh, Tom, I must be earnest now. You will not go near them—you will fly from them as you would from pestilence, or fire, or death?"

In her fervor she had clasped both hands on his shoulder. No danger of his shaking them off now.

"Rusha," said Thomas Spencer, deeply moved in spite of himself, "There is nothing in the whole world that would save me from going wrong so quick as the thought of you!"

Her whole face trembled in a smile that was not less bright because one saw that it lay close to tears.

"Well, Tom, that shall be our bond; whenever these friends of yours tempt you to do anything—to follow them into any path in which you know lurks danger, or wrong, or sin, you will think of me?"

"Yes, I promise," he bent down and kissed her, a most unusual demonstration on his part, for Tom had the dislike to family caressing which is natural to the transition period.

That night, somewhere among the small hours, Andrew Spencer returned home, so intoxicated that he could not find his own chamber, and stumbled up another flight of stairs

into the porter's, who had to assist him to bed, and whom he bribed not to tell his father. So the skeleton hid itself in the closet of John Spencer's magnificent home, and one day it might come to light, in all its hideousness and deformity.

CHAPTER IV.

In due time the party transpired. This one did not differ widely from those of its class; at least it had no strong features of individuality, which would have struck any one who viewed it superficially. People who deal in inflated adjectives, and the feminine portion of the guests were largely of this class, called it a "magnificent affair," "a perfect rush."

There was, of course, the usual amount of glitter and display. The head of the family had borne with what equanimity he could, the constant drain on his purse which the party involved; not, however, without frequent oburgations and sighs, sometimes of absolute rebellion, but his wife and daughters managed to impress him, more or less, with the fact that the expense was one of the necessities of their position, to which he submitted—not with a good grace. So the party was as fine and brilliant as money could make it. There was the crowd of ladies, perfumy, radiant in diamonds, rustling in silks, dainty in fine laces, and with that "company expression" which so painfully supersedes all naturalness.

The rooms were fragrant at mid-winter with the sweet, passionate perfumes of tropical summers; the music was, at least, of the costliest sort, and the supper was the crowning glory of the entertainment.

The tables were radiant with cut glass and silver, and it seemed as though every country in the world brought some tributary to the board, either in game, or fruit, or choice confections, or wines that held betwixt their glasses the glow of rubies, and the glitter of gold.

As for the family, Mrs. Spencer had rehearsed her part so frequently, that she got through with it to-night with ample credit to herself; her daughters were each of them in her own way, fully equal to the occasion, and there were few who outshone in bloom and grace the daughters of the host that night. The latter was bland and social, enjoying to a considerable degree these material evidences of his wealth and importance, and his youngest sons circulated among the guests and liked the "show," as Tom expressed it "immensely."

The eldest brother was absent. His mother was the first to discover this, late in the evening, and commented on it to her husband when she had an opportunity, with some anxiety. Andrew had evinced as much interest as the rest of the family, in the preparations for the party, joking about the whole thing in his slang fashion, and ordering an entire new suit for the occasion.

The disquietude which Mrs. Spencer expressed at her son's absence was, however, allayed by her husband's—

"Oh, well, give yourself no concern. He'll be along, sooner or later. Taken up with some affair at the club, I suppose!" and he turned to address a broker, whose acquaintance he had recently formed at the stock board, a broad-shouldered, rubicund-faced man, with a little thin visaged, dark complexioned, over-dressed woman hanging on his arm.

The dancing formed, of course, the principal feature of the evening, and through every set the graceful figure of Ella Spencer floated light as a fairy. Rusha, who was never intoxicated with this amusement, joined in it for awhile, and then managed to have some excuse for declining all invitations for the rest of the evening. It was a singular fact in this girl's character that an unaccountable sadness was sure to steal over her in a gay crowd. It had come over her spirits to-night, like some faint mists driven of the winds to these bright coasts of her life, and Rusha Spencer stood by one of the side tables, and looked over the dazzling scene before her, with thought and feeling in strange, sharp contrast with it. She had, after the first reluctance, thrown herself heart and soul into the preparations for this evening, she had looked forward to it with the eager anticipations of youth and hope, for it was a necessity of this girl's nature to do whatsoever she did heartily, vitally. But now she stood still by the table, with some thoughtfulness gathering over those bright eyes of hers. And half as in a dream, she heard the hum of the voices, as one hears the moan of the sea; she saw the long train of dancers swing to and fro before her. "What did it all mean—what was it all worth?" she asked herself.

"Whither were all those men and women going? What were they living for? Had they found out any true worth and meaning in life?" How like a masquerade, or a mere farce the whole thing seemed to her as she gazed! How unreal, how hollow! How everything associated with all this display and splendor, seemed for the moment, pitiful and

barren to this girl's thought. For such things as these, did she and the people about her live? And what would the end of all this be? And how in the strange, vague, mysterious eternity that lay a little way beyond for all of them, and that held such close and vital relations with this life, would interests, purposes, pleasure like these tell?"

She drew a sigh—the hungry, lonely soul of this girl, articulating instinctively its want and bewilderment, its half-born aspirations and needs. There was nothing in her life or associations, nothing in either the domestic or social atmosphere around her, to stimulate the best and noblest part of her. Everything here was material, earthly, in a sense, coarse. And so her soul baffled, perplexed, wearied, drew into itself and sighed.

"Rusha, what are you thinking of?" Ella Spencer fluttered to her sister's side, flushed with her last dance, her face radiant with excitement, and she commenced fanning herself with her fan.

"I don't know," feeling that this was quite the truth, and that in any case it would be hopeless to attempt to put her thoughts into words. "How are you enjoying it?"

"Oh, splendidly. Everything is going off in capital style."

At this moment a group of gentlemen and ladies approached the sisters, and they were soon absorbed in light talk and badinage.

Among this group was one gentleman who seemed to eclipse the others in various ways. He had an easy, indolent, graceful air, which women of a certain style greatly admired. He had a dark, somewhat thin face, which was called handsome. Only by those who did not penetrate its expression. There was an air of self-assertion, an offensive superciliousness about this man, repugnant to all fine and matured souls of men and women; and yet with young, inexperienced, fashionable girls, and sometimes with their mammas, he was a great favorite. They called his person and style "distingué." They repeated the pretty nothings which he was such an adept in making on all occasions.

The man affected, too, a sort of indifference, a half contemptuous indolence in speech and manner, which, to use his own phrase, "he found took immensely with the women." He came of an old family, prided himself largely on his blood and breeding; but I think the soul of no good man or woman ever sounded that of Derrick Howe without finding the holowness and selfishness which lay beneath. A

man who had no faith in God nor himself, in man nor woman, whose dominant purpose in life was his own comfort and ease. He had an intellect sharp but shallow, of luxurious tastes, but indolent and somewhat dissolute habits. And with the last vestige of his fortune drifting away from him, it had of late entered into this man's thought to take to wife some young and pretty woman, who could replenish his exhausted fortunes with her dowry.

Derrick Howe was in his most brilliant vein to-night, as the perpetual giggle of the gayly-dressed group of young ladies around the table testified for the next fifteen minutes. At the end of that time supper was announced, and Mr. Howe conducted Ella Spencer to the supper-table, and that young lady was in consequence the object of the secret envy of several of her fashionable friends.

"Isn't he delightful?" whispered Ella to her sister, when her cavalier had gone off a moment in quest of some jelly for that young lady.

"Who?" the speaker's attention divided betwixt her cream and her sister's question.

"You are the funniest girl in the world, Rusha! As if I could mean anybody but Mr. Howe!"

"Oh yes, I understand now. I don't like him, Ella," with a good deal of emphasis.

"Why, Rusha Spencer! He's perfectly splendid!—the most gentlemanly and agreeable man that is present to-night."

"That may be, if equal constituents of vanity and coxcombry can make one this."

Rusha could be both satirical and disagreeable when anything offended her, which, with her strong feelings and keen intuitions of one sort and another, was frequently the case.

Ella deigned no reply to this satire, except a glance, which expressed a good deal of suppressed indignation; but at that moment Mr. Howe presented himself with a quaking stratum of amber jelly, and she received this with a smile which must certainly have amply rewarded the gentleman for all the trouble which he had taken, and during the remainder of the evening they danced frequently together.

It was long after midnight before the party broke up, and the tired family had concentrated itself in one of the large parlors to discuss the events of the evening.

They were all in good humor, for on the whole the party had been a success, so there was a general congratulatory and half complimentary tone in this summing up of the whole affair.

"I thought I got along with my part pretty well, father, considering it was a new thing to me," said Mrs. Spencer, addressing herself to her husband, but in reality looking for her endorsement from her daughters.

"Oh, ma, you did splendidly," answered Ella, in a state of rapturous excitement.

"The whole thing went off capitally, and did us all credit."

"Well, I must say I'm glad it's over with," added Rusha, unclasping the bracelets from her small, round wrists.

"I wish we were going to have another to-morrow night," subjoined Agnes.

"Come, come," interposed Mr. Spencer, "it's almost morning now, and high time these lights were out. Get to bed, every one of you, and leave the talking until to-morrow."

Mrs. Spencer rose up to set an example of obedience to her children, when Tom suddenly spoke up—

"I say, where's Andrew, he hasn't been in to-night?"

"Sure enough. What does it mean?" Mrs. Spencer's maternal solicitude suddenly active. "I was asking your father about it."

At that moment the front door-bell rang violently. Most of those who heard it were not people of particularly fine imagination or sensibilities, but somehow that late midnight summons, following so soon on the gay scenes of splendor and hilarity in which they had all been partakers, seemed to come now with a sound of doom to all their ears. Each one leaned forward and listened breathlessly, while into the silence came the sharp click of silver and china from the dining-room beyond, where the servants were despoiling the tables.

They heard the front door open, and then a quick exclamation of surprise and terror followed by the heavy tread of several feet in the hall. I am sure every face was pale that the servant confronted when he opened the parlor door.

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "your son has met with an accident."

"What is it, what is it, oh, my boy?"

It was the mother's sharp cry that broke out first, and as by one impulse they all followed her as she rushed into the hall, and there, bruised and bleeding, livid and unconscious, they found Andrew Spencer in the arms of two men.

The white face, the limp figure, as it met their gaze, looked like death. There was a sharp cry of pain from half a dozen voices, in which the mother's overleaped all the rest, and

for the next two or three minutes it was a scene one would not like to witness again in a lifetime.

"Perhaps he is not dead yet—somebody run for the nearest doctor."

They were all standing, a pale-faced, horror-stricken group, around the prostrate form of Andrew Spencer, their elegant dresses in strange contrast with their attitudes, when Mr. Spencer spoke these words. And then there flashed across Rusha Spencer's thought the plate which she must have sometime unconsciously observed on the door of the house opposite.

She did not wait for another word, and nobody observed her as she rushed out of the front door, and down the steps, and across the street, and pulled the bell as one might on a summons for life or death.

Dr. Rochford sat in his library, although it was long after midnight. He had returned not long before from a visit to some patients at a distance, and not feeling sleepy, had concluded to read for half an hour before retiring, and from reading he had relapsed into a sort of reverie from which the loud peal of the door bell, which had in it some summons of distress, sharply roused him.

He hurried to the door, and when he opened it, he saw standing there in the flood of gaslight, which poured down from the street lamp, a vision which Fletcher Rochford will never forget to the latest hour of his life.

I do not think that Rusha Spencer was beautiful either as girl or woman, after the fashion that most people call beauty; but somehow, as she stood there in the gaslight, in her dress of white moire antique, with the soft laces falling in snowy surf around her half-bared arms, with the brown hair which had fallen from its fastenings, flowing in a thick cloud around her wild, white, girlish, pitiful face, as she lifted it to Fletcher Rochford, I think she made at that moment a picture of grace and beauty such as perhaps she never had before and might never again.

"Is Dr. Rochford in?" she gasped, with the swiftness of terror and fright.

"I am he."

His words few and straight to the point, as he saw her stress, whatever that might be, required.

"My brother is dead or dying; come over and try to save him!" with a quick gesture of head and arm which designated the opposite house.

"Wait one moment!" and with professional



self-possession the young physician started for a little case of instruments and specifics, which, under God, had saved more than one human life in some sudden peril, when a few minutes' delay was certain death.

But Rusha in her terror, not comprehending him, sprang forwards and caught his hand—the soft, cold fingers clutching over his—“Oh, sir, do not wait! Andrew, my brother, may be dying. Come with me!”

“My child, it is for something that may save his life I am going;” and he seated her down in a chair which stood in the hall, and hurried into his library. He could not pause to comfort her now.

When he returned a moment later, she rose up to meet him with something in her face that it pained him to see; but she did not speak; she simply rushed on before him across the street, his rapid strides following behind, and so Fletcher Rochford entered the house, about whose inmates he and his sister had had their pleasant gossip at the breakfast-table several months before, on his return from Europe.

The shivering group gathered around Andrew Spencer in the parlor, which so lately had been such a scene of luxury and mirth, awaiting in silence the young doctor's verdict whether “for life or death.”

It did not take the skilful surgeon long to reach the facts of the case. Andrew Spencer had broken two of his ribs, and had in some way received some internal injuries of a more or less serious nature; but life was there still, and when he made this affirmation it was pitiful to see the way in which the mother sprang forwards. “Oh, my boy!—my pretty boy!—my little boy!” she moaned, forgetful in her tenderness, and grief, and joy, that the young man before her was anything but the first-born baby she had dandled so often in her lap, and the brothers and sisters crowded closer around, and John Spencer, although he was not naturally a demonstrative man, in his relief and joy, wrung Dr. Rochford's hands, as though with him had rested the power of life or death.

In a few moments the young man was restored to life and partial consciousness. Meanwhile Mr. Spencer had penetrated by a close investigation of the men who brought his son home, the disgraceful causes which had resulted in the latter's present condition.

Andrew had made an engagement at his club, and gone round early in the evening to the rooms, intending to return home in time

for the party. The young man had recently joined a society of what he called “good fellows, though a little fast,” the first article of whose constitution, and the last one, for that matter, was “to eat, drink, and take the world easily.”

Some members of a rival club happened to be present on this evening, and a proposition that both sides should “stand treat for a supper” was eagerly accepted by all parties. They adjourned to a fashionable restaurant, ordered whatever edibles their appetites suggested, the most prominent demand being “champagne and claret,” and passed by natural gradations from conviviality to boisterousness, thence to irascibility, and from this last to brutality.

Both sides having their natural feeling of rivalry fired by liquor, closed in a fight so fierce that it would certainly have been deadly if weapons of that sort had been at hand. As it was, they pommelled and disfigured each other cruelly, and some of the soberest of the party, with the proprietor of the restaurant, were obliged to summon the police to interfere.

Andrew was perhaps the severest sufferer of all, though several young men belonging to the first families had been borne away disfigured and unconscious.

Some of young Spencer's friends had taken him in charge, thus shielding him from the disgrace of being publicly involved in the riot, had hired a carriage and bribed two of the waiters to accompany him home.

And this was the closing scene of the night of the Spencer's grand party.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

---

WANTED—“A better Christianity than that in common use; a Christianity that is not limited to creed and Sabbath observance; a Christianity that makes men and women kinder, honester, purer and nobler in all their week-day works; a Christianity, as Dr. Huntington remarks, ‘that is Christian across counters, over dinner-tables, behind your neighbor's back, as in his face; a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society.’ Rowland Hill used to say ‘he would give very little for the religion of a man whose dog and cat were not the better for it.’”

## LAY SERMONS.

### CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

"Tripped again!"

"Who?"

"Brantley."

"Poor fellow! He has a hard time of it. Is he all the way down!"

"I presume so. When he begins to fall, he usually gets to the bottom of the ladder."

It was true; Brantley had tripped again, and was down. He had been climbing bravely for three or four years, and was well up the ladder of prosperity, when, in his eagerness to make two runcles of the ladder at a step instead of one, he misused his footing, and fell to the bottom. My first knowledge of the fact came through the conversation just recorded. From all I could hear, Brantley's failure was a serious one. I knew him to be honorable and conscientious, and to have a great deal of sensitive pride.

A few days afterwards, while passing the pleasant home where Brantley had been residing, I saw a bill up, giving notice that the house was for sale. A few days later I met him on the street. He did not see me. His eyes were on the pavement; he looked pale and careworn; he walked slowly, and was in deep thought.

"He is of tougher material than most men if the heart is not all taken out of him," I said, in speaking of him to a mutual friend.

"And he is of tougher material," was answered, "that is, of finer material. Brantley is not one of your common men."

"Still, there must be something wrong about him. Some defect of judgment. He is a good climber; but not sure-footed. Or, it may be, that beyond a certain height his head grows dizzy."

"If one gets too eager in any pursuit, he is almost sure to make false steps. I think Brantley became too eager. The steadily widening prospect as he went up, up, up, caused his pulses to move at a quicker rate."

"Too eager, and less scrupulous," I suggested.

"His honor is unstained," said the friend, with some warmth.

"In the degree that a man grows eager in pursuit, he is apt to grow blind to things collateral, and less concerned about the principles involved."

"In some cases that may be true, but is hardly probable in the case of Brantley. I do not believe that he has swerved from integrity in anything."

"It is my belief," I answered, "that if he had not swerved, he would not have fallen. I may be wrong, but cannot help the impression."

"Brantley is an honest man. I will maintain that in the face of every one," was replied.

"Honest as the world regards honesty. But there are higher than legal standards. What A and B may consider fair, C may regard as questionable. He has his own standard; and if he falls below that in his dealings with men, he departs from his integrity."

"I have nothing to say for Brantley under that view of the subject," said the friend. "If he has special standards of morality, and does not live up to them, the matter is between himself and his own conscience. We, on the outside, are not his judges."

It so happened that I met Brantley a short time afterwards. The circumstances were favorable, and our interview unreserved. He had sold his house, and a large part of the handsome furniture it contained, and was living in a humbler dwelling. I referred to his changed condition, and spoke of it with regret.

"There is no gratuitous evil," he remarked. "I have long been satisfied on that head. If we lose on one hand, we gain on another. And my experience in life leads me to this conclusion, that the loss is generally in lower things, and the gain in higher."

I looked into his face, yet bearing the marks of recent trial and suffering, and saw in it the morning dawn.

"Has it been so with you?" I asked.

"Yes; and it has always been so," he answered, without hesitation. "It is painful to be under the surgeon's knife," he added. "We shrink back, shivering, at the sight of his instruments. The flesh is agonized. But, when all is over, and the greedy tumor, or wasting cancer, that was threatening life, is gone, we rejoice and are glad."

He sighed, and looked sober for a little while, as thought went back, and memory gave too vivid a realization of what had been; then resumed:

"I can see now, that what seemed to me, and is still regarded by others as a great misfortune, was the best thing that could have taken place. I have lost, but I have gained; and the gain is greater than the loss. It has always been so. Out of every trouble or disaster that has befallen me in life, I have come with a deep conviction that my feet stumbled because they were turning into paths that would lead my soul astray. However much I may love myself and the world, however much I may seek my own, below all and above all is the conviction that time is fleeting and life here but as a span, that if I compass the whole world, and lose my own soul, I have made a fearful exchange."

There are a great many things regarded by business men as allowable. They are so common in trade, that scarcely one man in a score questions their morality; so common, that I have often found myself drifting into their practice, and abandoning for a time the higher principles in whose guidance there alone is safety. Misfortune seems to have dogged my steps; but, in this pause of my life—in this state of calmness—I can see that misfortune is my good; for, not until my feet were turning into ways that lead to death, did I stumble and fall."

"Are you not too hard in self-judgment?" I said.

"No," he answered. "The case stands just here. You know, I presume, the immediate cause of my recent failure in business?"

"A sudden decline in stocks."

The color deepened on his cheeks.

"Yes; that is the cause. Now, years ago, I settled it clearly with my own conscience that stock speculation was wrong; that it was only another name for gambling, in which, instead of rendering service to the community, your gains were, in nearly all cases, measured by another's loss. Departing from this just principle of action, I was tempted to invest a large sum of money in a rising stock, that I was sure would continue to advance until it reached a point where, in selling, I could realize a net gain of ten thousand dollars. I was doing well. I was putting by from two to three thousand dollars every year, and was in a fair way to get rich. But, as money began to accumulate, I grew more and more eager in its acquirement, and less concerned about the principles underlying every action, until I passed into a temporary state of moral blindness. I was less scrupulous about securing large advantages in trade, and would take the lion's share, if opportunity offered, without a moment's hesitation. So, not content with doing well in a safe path, I must step aside, and try my strength at climbing more rapidly, even though danger threatened on the left and on the right; even though I dragged others down in my hot and perilous scramble upwards. I lost my footing—I stumbled—I fell, crashing down to the very bottom of the hill, half way up which I had gone so safely ere the greedy fiend took possession of me."

"And have not been really hurt by the fall," I remarked.

"I have suffered pain—terrible pain; for I am of a sensitive nature," he replied. "But in the convulsions of agony, nothing but the outside shell of a false life has been torn away. The real man is unharmed. And now that the bitter disappointment and the sadness that attend humiliation are over, I can say that my gain is greater than my loss. I would rather grope in the vale of poverty all my life, and keep my conscience clean, than stand high up among the mountains of prosperity with a taint thereon."

"God knows best," he added, after a pause, speaking in a more subdued tone. "And I recognize the hand of His good providence in this wreck of my worldly hopes. To gain riches at the sacrifice of just principles is to gather up dirt and throw away goodly pearls."

"How is it with your family?" I asked. "They must feel the change severely."

"They did feel it. But the pain is over with them also. Poor weak human nature! My girls were active and industrious at home, and diligent at school, while my circumstances were limited. But, as money grew more plentiful, and I gave them a larger house to live in, and richer clothes to wear, they wearied of their useful employments, and neglected their studies. Pride grew apace, and vanity walked hand in hand with pride. They were less considerate of one another, and less loving to their parents. If I attempted to restrain their fondness for dress, or check their extravagance, they grew sullen, or used unfilial language. Like their father, they could not bear prosperity. But all is changed now. Misfortune has restored them to a better state of mind. They emulate each other in service at home; their minds dwell on useful things; they are tender of their mother and considerate of their father. Home is a sweeter place to us all than it has been for a long time."

"And so what the world calls misfortune has proved a blessing."

"Yes. In permitting my feet to stumble; in letting me fall from the height I had obtained, God dealt with me and mine in infinite love. We give false names to things. We call that good which only represents genuine good. This is of the heart and life, and not in external possessions. He has taken from me the effigy that He may give me the good itself."

"If all men could find like you," I said, "a sweet kernel at the centre of misfortune's bitter nut."

"All men may find it if they will," he answered. "for the sweet kernel is there."

How few find it! Nay, reader, if you say this, your observation is at fault. God's providences with men are not like blind chances, but full of wisdom and love. In the darkness of sorrow and adversity a light shines on the path that was not illumined before. When the sun of worldly prosperity goes down, a thousand stars are set in the firmament. In the stillness that follows, God speaks to the soul and is heard.

T. S. A.

"After staying eighteen years in this country," said Prof. Agassiz, "I have repeatedly asked myself the difference between the institutions of the old world and those of America; and I have found the answer in a few words. In Europe everything is done to preserve and maintain the rights of the few; in America, everything is done to make a man of him who has any of the elements of manhood in him."

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### WHICH?

BY M. D. R. B.

A murky, gloomy day, with continual rain-droplings—the muttering of distant thunder, and the wind perpetually in the east. Or, the quick electric flash that clears the atmosphere as with a single blow—the tempest that rages for a brief destructive moment, and then departs in rainbow smiles, shining through tears. Which?

Mrs. Lucy Granby and her sister, Mrs. Ada Thorne, were discussing this question with much animation. Not, however, concerning the atmospheric changes of the weather. Their conversation had turned on the different aspects of ill temper, as exhibited by different individuals; and a choice must be made between two great evils, which should be accounted the least. A fiery, impetuous, headstrong temper, or the sullen, fretful, fault-finding disposition, which, like a constant fall of water that, drop by drop, wears away stones, wears out sometimes even that charity that "beareth all things."

Both of these persons were young mothers, and each had a darling little son, whom she professed to be desirous of bringing up in the way he should go.

"I wonder to hear you talk so, Ada," said Mrs. Granby, giving her crochet-needle a nervous twitch that threatened to break her snowy tidy-cotton; "your Harry is a sweet, beautiful little creature enough when he is in a good humor and 'petted to pieces,' as we say. But if he is crossed in the least thing, he really frightens me with his passionate outbursts of temper."

"That I believe," replied her sister, "for at times he almost frightens me, who ought by this time to be used to his capers."

"And do you not try, dear Ada, to curb these fits of fury before they gain the entire mastery of him? Think how wretched he will be, if suffered constantly to get the better of you by storming and violence."

"Oh, you must talk to Nurse Willets about that. It is she who spoils Harry, not I. They have a regular pitched battle every time he is to be washed and dressed, and I need not say who gets the worst of it. I often laugh to see poor nursery down on her knees, with her cap torn off and her hair streaming over her face, where it has been pulled by her rebellious charge, begging Master Harry to be good and allow himself to be got ready for his walk or ride. And there the little tyrant stands, with doubled up tiny fists, and bare, dimpled foot planted firmly on the carpet, looking like a miniature wild-cat."

"Oh, Ada, how can you? I would as soon think of making sport of my child if he were tottering on

the verge of a precipice, or being borne away by a swift torrent into the boiling surges of a cataract."

"You take it quite too seriously, Lucy. Nurse will not suffer him to be crossed on any account. She says when he gets older he will be ashamed of these fits of passion. But now it would make him dull and spiritless to be always checked."

"And do you, Ada, suffer yourself to be deceived by this wretched sophistry? If your child were in a raging fever, would you say—'Let the disease have free course, it will stop of itself, it will wear itself out, there is no use of remedies?' Sin—and the habitual indulgence of a passionate temper is a sin—is this deadly disease, and we must stay its progress, or there will be madness—ruin—death."

"But what would you have, Lucy? I have frequently punished Harry severely for his outbursts."

"You know I said that he sometimes almost frightened me. I have seen him scream until he was black in the face because I refused to give him a costly toy, which I knew he would break the very next minute if I let him have his way."

"And then you—"

"Slapped him until he stopped screaming."

"And what happened afterwards?"

"Why he held his breath until I expected him to go off in a regular fit. Then I screamed with fright myself, and promised him anything if he would only look up and smile at mamma. And do you think the next minute after the little rogue actually laughed in my face, and his first demand was for the forbidden plaything."

"And you gave it to him, of course."

"Of course—and had it broken in short order. It came from Paris, and cost forty dollars. And what is more, it ruined the set, for it couldn't be matched. But I didn't care for it the least bit then. I would have done twice as much to please the darling, for he had given me a complete fright."

"That I do not doubt. Nor that he afterwards knew his power, and used it accordingly. Has he ever played the same trick since?"

"Oh, often. When I have a valuable toy or book presented to me now, I am obliged to put it out of his sight, or we should have a regular storm. The nursery closet is full of broken playthings which he has destroyed in his passion."

"And you are helping to ruin a fairer gift than all. Ada, God gave into your hands an inestimable jewel when he intrusted you with this beloved little one. He said—'Take this child and nurse it for Me.' The infant mind is as the pliant wax or clay. Suffer it to receive an impression, and it will remain forever. Let the young tree become warped in its infancy, and it grows up unsightly and crooked."

"You talk, as I said before, quite too gravely on

this subject, Lucy. What have I done to make my child passionate and exacting?"

"What have you done to correct his faults, dear sister? Punished him, you will say. But how? With passion equal to his own—with blows that were only the vent of your own ungoverned temper. And whatever good you might have accomplished by this course—which is doubtful—you counteracted it by afterwards yielding to his demands. No, let your manner be gentle and firm from the first. If you have cause to think that your child is constitutionally nervous and irritable, you cannot be too tender and soothing in your management. And this the more because I believe that a passionate temper, like insanity, scrofula, and other diseases, is hereditary, and may be traced to a like disposition in the parent. If so, we cannot mourn over it too much, nor use too great efforts in eradicating this vice in our offspring. A soft, low voice is a great sedative to passion. If you scream, your child will in a natural spirit of emulation try to out-scream you. If you punish with blows, he will be encouraged to try his infant powers in a series of small cuffs and calcitrations on the next individual who offends him. In this way he will become a complete domestic tyrant. For if you subdue him not now, he will make you his slave, and keep you so."

"But, Lucy—"

"Pardon me, dear sister, I know what you are about to urge. It is the same old argument. That 'Harry is but a baby, and it is only his temper, and he does no harm to any one by his fits of passion.' But do you suppose he will be able to rid himself of this evil habit when he pleases? Have you ever gone into a house where resides one of these slumbering tigers—as a high-tempered per-

son may well be called? How quickly you mark the ruffled brow, the hidden trouble brooding on the countenances of all around you. There is a restraint, a nervousness, a perpetual dread of some violent outbreak. Every member of the family is kept in constant fear and trembling lest some careless word should, like a sudden spark, fire the magazine, and peace and happiness take their flight. No, evil temper cannot be cast off like worn-out clothing as the child springs up into the man. It will but 'grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.' Not only does it make him unhappy and cause much unhappiness to others, but it may lead to murder or insanity."

"Lucy, you positively frighten me with your suggestions of evil," said the youthful Mrs. Thorne.

"So, to turn the subject, let us go back to our first discussion. What do you think of the fretful, grumbling disposition, that is always taking offence—always looking out for slights and affronts—ever living in a sour, disagreeable atmosphere?"

"Why, to use your last adjective, that it is one eminently disagreeable. It may not be so terrible or dangerous a companion to live with as the fiery and passionate, but it is equally wearing to the patience and the spirits. You will find such individuals carefully marked and avoided, and, as a general rule, left unfriended. But the root of both evils is the same—ill-temper, that scourge and curse of human life. Let us not, then, say which is the worst form of this domestic evil, but strive both by precept and example, by our own well-regulated tempers, pleasant words and actions, to banish it, in all its various forms and shapes, from our households."

PARKESBURG, CHESTER CO., PA.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### THE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"There it is, my child," said father.

I think that his words fell into a little half dose into which I had dropped, for we had ridden at least twenty miles since we left the cars, at the little brown depot by the side of the river. So, as it drew towards night, I was tired betwixt the car and the carriage ride, and a drowsy mist began stealing over me, as the mists did over the great mountains on the right, when my father's words brought me back suddenly into a keen, strong life.

I sat up straight of a sudden, and looked out. My heart beat fast. I saw the blue vapor of the smoke as it rose slowly up through the green trees, and a moment later, we dashed over the little brook bridge, and the house came in sight—the gray

house with the gambrel roof, that I had never seen but that I had heard of so long, and often, that it seemed familiar as our own.

A great house, wide and low, a little back from the road, with the plum trees in front, and the well-sweep on one side, and the old orchard beyond, with the breath of quinces and pears, of apples and peaches floating through the still air, and stinging it through with varied sweetnesses.

This old country house, this old gray, gambrel roofed farm-house was the one where my father had been born, and I was coming home to it now in my ninth year, because almost the saddest thing which can happen in this world to a little child, had come suddenly to me—my mother was dead! My mother, with her pale, sweet face, and the soft brown hair that shaded it; my mother, with the tender smile



about her lips, and the love in her deep blue eyes; my mother, whose sweet, tender voice seemed still to call to me softly, though I knew how dark, and cold, and silent was the grave where she lay!

So my father had brought me home to the old house where he was born, and to the old grandmother there, whose heart he knew held for me now the warmest place this side of heaven. We drove up to the gate, papa lifted me out swiftly, and carried me up the little gravel path into the great wide hall, and here she met me—my grandmother.

I looked up into the wrinkled face of an old, old lady, in a black dress and a snowy cap, who bent down and took me up suddenly, and kissed me, and then cried.

"Oh, Edward, my boy, is this the child?" she sobbed.

"This is the child—the little motherless child," said my father, and then he went out suddenly without so much as shaking hands with her, and again my grandmother cried over me. And from that hour I loved her.

I felt at home at once, in the old house. I went through its wide, low, still rooms before it was dark. I followed the girl when she went out into the yard to call the chickens to supper. I saw her scatter the small corn like flakes of yellow snow amongst the great flock of chickens that crowded around her—I saw the boy driving the cows up from pasture, and I wanted to go out and see the little white calf inside the barn, but it was too late, they told me, and I must wait for another day.

When I entered the house again, somebody came out suddenly and caught me with a soft, tight, tender grasp—

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" said a voice that seemed broken down with some grief and love, and then I was hugged and kissed, in a strange, eager way, fond as my mother's, and yet not just like hers either.

"Who are you?" I said, as soon as my amazement, which was almost fright, would let me find a word to say.

"Dear child, it is not likely that you have ever heard of me. I am your Aunt Miriam."

"Oh, yes, I have—I know," and I looked up in her face with a great curiosity.

It was a very fair face, with something of my father in its features, only these were softer and more delicate. The eyes were brown, the hair was almost black. They said she was faded, that she had been beautiful in the dew and bloom of her youth. I thought she was still, though there was some pain or grief over all her face—my Aunt Miriam's. Once, only once I had heard papa and mamma talking about her. I lay in the crib in their room, for I was ill, and they thought I was sleeping at the time. I heard papa telling mamma her story. She was younger than he, his pet and idol once, he said. But she had run off and married

a bad man, "a great rascal," papa called him. She had deceived them all. After that he would never see her, never so much as speak her name. And I heard mamma plead for her, in that soft, sweet voice, which I felt must reach the heart of any man, but papa answered, sternly,

"Lucy, my wife, it is in vain. There is hardly anything in the world that I wouldn't do for your dear sake, but Miriam deceived me once—I shall never trust her again."

I remembered all this, looking in my aunt's sweet, sad face, and I knew now why she had come forward to welcome me.

"I had a little girl once, Lucy, a year younger than you," she said, stroking my curls. "She lies now by the side of her father, as deep and as still as your mother lies!"

My aunt's words made me cry. Her husband and her child were dead! I wondered if he was a bad man, as my father said, to the last. At that very moment I heard his voice calling me.

"Go, child, go," said my aunt, in a quick, frightened way. "Your father must not know that I have seen you."

I could think of nothing but my poor, broken-hearted, solitary aunt, all the time we sat at supper. I loved my father, and I knew that I was—doubly now that my mother was dead—the very apple of his eye, "the one precious gift of his lost Lucy." But I knew, too, that he was a stern, resolute man; that once offended or deceived, and it was in vain to sue for pity or pardon from such as he. But I knew, too, that that stern nature had been softened by the death of my mother, and that now, if ever, was the time to reach it. My aunt was hungry and thirsty in her grief and loss, for the love and forgiveness of her brother.

In the morning my father would leave, and neither his mother or his sister had dared to tell him that she was in the house. I think some impulse had carried my aunt out of herself when she heard my voice in the farm-yard, and that in her great hunger for human love, she had rushed out and grasped me, and covered my face with her greedy kisses before she was aware of what she was doing.

I was somewhat afraid of my father, and yet he was tender and gentle to his one little girl as the fondest mother. Still the thought of Aunt Miriam's grieved face made me bold. Before supper was over, I made up my mind. When he drew back his chair from the table, I went to him and climbed his knee—

"Papa," I said, "would you like to do something that would make me very happy?"

"To be sure I should, my darling, with your mother's eyes," and he held me tight, he hugged me close, as when she was alive, even he had hardly done.

"Then come with me."

I slipped my hand into his. I led him through

the wide hall, and into the back sitting-room. Aunt Miriam sat by the window in the twilight, and through the evening wind floated the strong, rich fragrances from the orchard, as though they were wafted from the spice islands that lie at slumber in eastern seas. It was not dark yet, and as she turned swiftly, the brother and the sister saw each other's faces.

"Miriam!" said my father, and he stood still.

"Oh, Edward!" cried my aunt, and she, too, stood still.

Then I spoke, it seemed the time for me.

"Her husband is dead, and her little girl, and she is all alone in the world. Oh, papa, I heard that day, when you thought I lay sound asleep in my crib, and mamma plead with you to forgive her. She cannot speak now from the grave where she lies so still, but I know she would say what I do

now, if she stood here by your side, and because you would not answer her prayer in life, answer it after her death, and pity and forgive poor Aunt Miriam!" As the words came to me in that hour—so I spoke them.

There was a little silence—then a sob. Then papa took my hand and went up to his sister—

"Miriam," he said, "you have heard the child. For her sake, and for the sake of her dead mother—come to me."

He put out his arms, and with a low cry, such as I never heard before, and such as I have not now words to describe, she sank into them and he folded her once more to his heart. So there was peace betwixt the brother and sister, and this was the work that I did—the blessed work that angels might be glad over in the gray old house at my grandmother's.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### FAMILIAR LECTURES ON THE TEETH.

No. 5.

BY HENRY S. CHASE, M. D.

I have been more surprised at the ignorance of parents in regard to the **SIXTH YEAR MOLARS** than that manifested in any other subject in dentology. And this is saying a great deal; for it is indeed marvellous that such ignorance prevails in the country on a subject so intimately connected with the health, comfort, and beauty of every one.

Few have any desire to know themselves. Talk and write for their benefit as much as you will, they turn a deaf ear to the laws of health and physical life.

**THE SIXTH YEAR MOLARS!** What are they? Will you remember if I tell you? The comfort of your children depends on your remembrance of these facts.

The sixth year molars are *permanent* teeth. They belong to the *second* set. If extracted they will never be replaced. They are often decayed in two years after they appear through the gums. They are often defective in the enamel when first erupted. They should be examined by a dentist as soon as they are "cut."

These teeth appear at the back part of the mouth, one on either side of each jaw, and may, usually, be seen before the process of shedding the front teeth has commenced. They "come in" when a child is between five and six years old; sometimes a year later. Parents are generally ignorant of the fact that they have come at all; so little trouble do they give the child during the process of eruption. It is, therefore, of great consequence that your attention should be specially directed to this subject. And if it would more effectually do it, I would iterate and reiterate these few facts until they occupied a dozen pages of this magazine.

In a former lecture I stated that the first set, or milk teeth, are twenty in number; ten in each jaw. If you have a child seven years old, you will probably count twelve teeth in each jaw. If so, the posterior, or "back" teeth, are the "sixth year molars." I hope

that, in former lectures, you have been convinced of the duty you owe to your children in preserving their natural teeth; and certainly these teeth ought to receive your special care. There are no teeth so much talked about in the dental profession as these; the necessity of their preservation, and the best means to accomplish that end.

The matter would be simple and easy provided parents and guardians would do their duty in season; but the fact is that more than three-fourths of the sixth year molars, presented for plugging, are already nearly ruined by decay, owing to the late period at which they come under the observation of the dentist. If these teeth are cut at the sixth year, and are slightly decayed at the eighth, and are not presented for treatment until the twelfth, how can it be otherwise than that they must be nearly destroyed by disease.

All this can be avoided by placing your children under the care of a competent and conscientious dentist, as soon as possible after the age of three years, and let semi-annual examinations be made.

The same objections which apply to the premature extraction of the milk teeth, which was considered in my last lecture, come home with tenfold force in considering the preservation of these permanent teeth. How cruel and unjust to a dependent child, to deprive it wilfully or by neglect, of those organs which God has given it for the preservation of its life and health! When grown to adult life, may it not, with justice, charge you with a great wrong, if you have not done your duty. A thousand times better would it be to deny it every luxury of food and dress, if pecuniary means are limited. No valid excuse on the score of expense will avail, when good food and comfortable clothing are not beyond reach.

IRREGULARITIES OF TEETH—"Tushes," "Dog Teeth," &c.

Children about fourteen years old are often brought to the dentist, with the request to extract the canine teeth. They stand at the corners of the mouth; are large, long, roundish and pointed. They replace

those of the first set at about the thirteenth year, sometimes a year earlier or later. When the temporary teeth have been prematurely extracted, the jaw becomes contracted, and as there is not room enough for these teeth in their proper places, they come out in front, above and between the small incisors and the first bicuspid or small double teeth. These canines, or "tushes," should not be extracted. Dentists should refuse to do it, regardless of the importunities of ignorant parents. As the jaw increases in size, as it will by age, giving these teeth more room, they can almost always be brought into place by pressure with the thumb, continued with patience for a few months. Occasionally the assistance of a dentist is required.

Another not uncommon irregularity is the shutting of the under incisors in front of the upper ones. This is contrary to the rules of nature, and is a deformity that should be avoided; especially in the case of girls, as they will be exceedingly mortified when "grown up" with the expression of countenance which this deformity unavoidably gives. The under teeth should be behind the upper front ones. A dentist can alter this "shut" of the mouth, so as to make it natural.

Do you not see, more and more, the importance of placing your children's teeth under the care of a good dental surgeon?

INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

### TOM IN PHILADELPHIA.

New York, April, 1865.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:

Not that our family are in any way desirous of "letter"ary fame, but the fact that my little sister "Glascina," with her maidenly experiences, has been graciously received into the "Home Circle," emboldens me to believe that possibly you might not object to occasional intelligence from the other side of the family register—(our house has a "brown stone front," but no "hearthstone" in it,) so I take up the quill hoping to meet an equally kind reception. I trust the dear, sensible uncles and aunts of the "Home Circle" will not object to the intrusion of such a nonsensical, unreliable person as myself into the sacred precincts, my only excuse being, that an American household (unfortunate as it may seem) is hardly complete without such an one as myself, and I assure you I will endeavor to restrain myself to the modest corner which your kindness may assign me.

And first I wish to commend the "Home Circle" upon the position it assumes upon the subject of "the girls," for I am an honest admirer of them in a general, abstract way. I view them critically as I would a good painting (no insinuation intended) or a fine landscape. The young ladies of our own country who in all their characteristics are superior to their sisters of other lands—young Americans both aristocratic and democratic—have always been to me a most interesting and profitable study. And this brings me to the subject matter of this epistle.

I chanced over in Philadelphia not long since, for the first time in my life, on a visit to an ancient relative, and while there, as is my custom, I amused myself with taking observations from a stranger's standpoint upon young Americans as developed in the Quaker City. I saw her there in all the gorgeous regalia of feathers, velvets, diamonds and flowers, a little toned down by the "drab" perhaps, but essentially the same being that I have found her elsewhere. I saw her on Chestnut street, promenading ceaselessly, at least one dozen times in the course of an hour, passing and repassing the "Continental," and yet on each occasion sublimely unconscious of the triple row of mustaches which graced the porch of that famous building. I heard her chirruping over the "dearest little picture in the world" in Earle's gallery. I saw her scribbling her name in the State-House belfry. I

beheld her on a windy day nearly blown from the top of Girard College, and had myself the extreme felicity of relieving her from her peril, and hearing the most delightful little scream imaginable—and in all this she was like her American sisters Gothamine and Bostonian. But there was one achievement of the dear creatures in Philadelphia which filled me with astonishment and undisguised admiration.

Now in your city of boasted neatness, Mr. Home Magazine, which proudly challenges the world to comparison in this particular, and, surely, for scrubbing side-walks, washing windows, and splashing unoffending citizens generally, would rival the famous town of Brook itself, there is yet one very great nuisance. This is the gutters, which in front of every dwelling runs directly across your pavements. Ever unsuspicious of lurking foes, the first night of my arrival I splashed myself from sole to knee with the "slops" of some of the "first families," which were pouring in quite a large stream directly across my path. As I blackened my boots the next morning, and scoured my immaculate cassimeres with soap and sponge, I wondered how it were possible for the ladies, with their trailing silks and thin shoes, to endure this infliction. The subject was thenceforth, to me, a very interesting study. I watched the fair ones carefully. I fully expected to see them (as I had a faint remembrance of their doing in childhood's days in the country) elevate the crinoline and prepare to wade; but no—they approached the fatal streams serenely, gave a little indescribable jerk, and—presto, they were high and dry upon the other side of the rubicon, and not a thread was dampened. How it was accomplished was to me the most sublime mystery. I lengthened my visit two days, and made the acquaintance of a young lady in order to be initiated into the great secret. I practised the step myself in imaginary crinoline and long train by way of amusement, hoping to master the science and reduce it to a set formula for the benefit of any New Yorkers of the gentler sex, who might be apprehending a visit to the Quaker City. But of the utter uselessness of such an attempt I was convinced by my instructress, who assured me that only those native born and indigenous to the soil could hope to accomplish the science, assuring me, furthermore, that all the belles were in training from infancy, which I have reason to believe is a fact, since I myself saw little innocents of five and

six years practising the art with all the vigor and earnestness of professional adepts.

One other little item concerning Americana and myself in Philadelphia, and I have done. The illimitable sameness of red and white beef-steak houses in your city proved very confusing to me. The only way I could distinguish my own domicile from those around it was, as I approached it, to count all the houses from the corner. Returning home in meditative mood one evening I neglected my customary precaution, entered with my latch-key what I supposed to be the domicile of my friend, and proceeded directly to my own room—third story front. I opened the door with the confidence of a man who feels very much at home, when, what should I discover, but a lovely young creature in cashmere wrapper, sitting comfortably before the grate, gazing tenderly into the burning coals. She did not look up—I hesitated on the threshold—

"Well, dear," she said confidently.

I closed the door hastily and retreated down the stairs, reaching the outer entrance just in time to hear a sweet voice call from the upper landing—"Charles! Charles!"

Due precautions were never omitted after this adventure, which, but for my presence of mind, might have proved very embarrassing.

But I am trespassing upon your good nature. Should this prove acceptable you may hear again of Americana.

From "Tom."

## THE MOURNING OF FRANCE FOR WASHINGTON.

*Translated from the French of Ad. Thiers,*

BY JEANNE.

The First Consul, before his departure for the army, decided upon an important step—to establish himself at the Tuileries. With the disposition in men's minds to see in him a Caesar, a Cromwell, destined to terminate the reign of anarchy by a reign of absolute power, this establishment in the palace of the kings was a proceeding at once bold and delicate; not because of any resistance which it might provoke, but because of the moral effect which it was likely to produce.

The First Consul caused it to be preceded by a skillfully-conceived and imposing ceremony. Washington had just died. The death of this illustrious man, whose name had filled the close of the last century, had been a subject of regret to all the friends of liberty in Europe.

The First Consul, judging that a manifestation on this subject was opportune, addressed to the army the order for the following day. "Washington is dead! This great man has fought against tyranny; he has consolidated the independence of his country. His memory will always be dear to the French people, to all free men in the two worlds, and especially to the French soldiers, who are fighting, as he and the American soldiers have done, for equality and liberty." In consequence, ten days of mourning were ordered. The banners of the Republic were to be draped in black.

The First Consul did not stop here; he caused a fête, at once simple and noble, to be prepared at the Church of the Invalides, a church called in the fugitive language of the day the Temple of Mars. The banners which had been conquered in Egypt had not yet been presented to the Government. General Lannes was charged with delivering them, on this occasion, to

the Minister of War, under the magnificent dome raised by the Grand Monarch to martial old age.

On the ninth of February, all the authorities being gathered at the Invalides, General Lannes presented to the Minister of War, Berthier, ninety-six banners, taken at the Pyramids, at Mount Tabor, and at Aboukir. He made a short and martial address. Berthier replied in the same manner. The latter was seated between two pensioners, each a hundred years old, and opposite him was a bust of Washington, shaded with a thousand banners conquered from the rest of Europe by the armies of Republican France. A tribune had been erected not far off, upon which was seen a proscribed man, who owed his liberty to the policy of the First Consul. It was M. de Fontanes, a pure and brilliant writer, the last who made use of that French language formerly so perfect, and to-day buried with the eighteenth century in the abysses of the past. M. de Fontanes pronounced, in studied but splendid language, the funeral oration of the Hero of America. He celebrated the warlike virtues of Washington, his valor, his wisdom, his disinterestedness. He placed high above the military genius which can win victories, the reparative genius which knows how to terminate civil wars, to close up the wounds of a country, and give peace to the world. By the side of the shade of Washington he evoked that of Turenne, of Catinat, of Condé; and speaking, as it were, in the name of these great men, he gave, under the most delicate and dignified forms, praises which, uttered at that time, were full of nobleness. "Yes," cried he, in conclusion, "yes, thy counsels will be heard, oh, Washington! oh, warrior! oh, legislator! oh, citizen, without reproach! He who, young yet, hath surpassed thee in battles, will, like thee, close with victorious hands the wounds of his country. Very soon—we have for pledges of it his will and his warlike genius, if that is unhappily necessary—very soon the hymn of peace will echo in this temple of war; then the universal feeling of joy will efface the remembrance of all injustice and of all oppression. Already, even, the oppressed are forgetting their misfortunes, and trusting the future! The acclamations of all ages will accompany the hero who will give this benefit to France and to the world which she has shaken so long."

This discourse finished, black crape was attached to all the banners, and the French Republic was regarded as in mourning for the Founder of the American Republic, as one monarchy wears mourning for the losses which another may experience. What was wanting in all this pomp in order that it should have the grandeur of those funeral scenes in which Louis Fourteenth heard the eulogy of one of his warriors from the lips of Flechier or Bossuet? Certainly it was not the absence of grandeur in things or men; for they spoke of Washington before General Bonaparte; they spoke in the midst of a society which had seen Charles First mount the scaffold, and even queens follow him to it! One could pronounce, at any moment, the words Fleurus, Areola, Rivoli, Zurich, the Pyramids, and these magnificent words could assuredly dignify a discourse as much as Dunes and Rocroy!

What was wanting, then, in this ceremony in order that it should be really grand? There was wanting that which the greatest of men himself could not give to it; there was wanting, first, religion; not that which one forces one's-self to feel, but that which is truly felt, and without which the dead are coldly celebrated; there was wanting the genius of Bossuet, for that is a grandeur which does not return to a nation, and it

Turenne and Condé have successors, Bossuet has none; there was wanting, finally, a certain sincerity, for this homage to a hero renowned above all for his disinterestedness, was too visibly affected. However, let us not believe with the crowd of common interpreters that all was pure hypocrisy; doubtless there was some hypocrisy, but there were also the usual illusions of the time, of all time! Men, in fact, deceive themselves oftener than they deceive others. Many Frenchmen, like the Romans under Augustus, believed yet in the Republic, because the name was spoken with care, and it is not very certain that the originator of these funeral obsequies, General Bonaparte himself, was not deceived in celebrating Washington, and that he did not believe, in effect, that in France, as in America, it was possible to be first without being king or emperor.

## TACT.

The longer one lives, the deeper one looks into life with observant and kindly eyes, the more practical importance will the little monosyllable at the head of this paragraph assume.

Tact, of course, can be applied to wrong uses and for unworthy ends, but so can all faculties of the human soul, and because of this their development and cultivation for worthy purposes is not the less reasonable and right. Tact of speech and manner is in a large degree a gift; but then I think a great many people, from wilful ignorance and obstinacy, refrain from practising what costs so little, and yet smooths so many of the angularities and roughnesses of human life. Especially for a woman, for a wife and a mother, is there a legitimate sphere for the exercise of this trait.

There is so much in the art of "putting things" in the softest and gentlest manner, in the manner least likely to awaken antagonism and self-will. How ungracious and unlovely, for instance, many mothers will be in their denials and commands to their children. Many a mother who would sacrifice her life for them, who would toil through weary days and watch through slow nights by the bedside where sickness has laid, will constantly, by her sharp, hard habits of refusal and fault-finding, by her rasping tones and unpleasant words, rouse their little souls into great heats of rebellion, into quick hatred, and sullennesses, and disobedience.

It is hateful to hear a mother answer a child who has set its whole heart on some childish project of visit or frolic, "No, you won't stir one step;" "No, you shant, that settles the matter," and so on. No wonder refusals of this sort rasp and goad children into all sorts of hatefulness and disobedience. It is hard for them to be submissive, and resigned, and obedient, under trials and provocations, as it is for us. They have their struggles with tempers and self-will just as we do; they set their hearts on some fancy or desire which it is as hard for them to forego as it is for us.

And why, oh, mother, to the bitterness of denial must you add your harsh manner, your goading words? Isn't it just as easy, and immensely more comfortable for your children, to sugar-coat the bitter pill of refusal with gentle and sympathetic words? "I'm sorry, my child, to deny you, but this thing isn't best. Some other day you shall go; so don't feel bad because it cannot be this one."

How much will it cost to "put" a refusal in this shape? And how different it will sound in the child's ears—how different it will fall into his heart! If you will not take this pains, oh, mother, you will have your

reward, and you will deserve it. That old, strong tie of nature, of mother and child, which held you from the beginning, cannot be severed. The voice of Nature will maintain its claims and demand its rights so long as you both shall live. But the sweet sympathies and loving confidences of your children are gone forever. They will seek their soul friends outside and away from you, and you have no right to complain. By your own lack of tenderness and sympathy you have lost something that your sons and daughters can never give back to you.

On the whole, I am inclined to think with "Gail Hamilton" that the children have, in many respects, a hard time of it.

In certain directions, it is, perhaps, the tendency of the age in our own land to indulge them too much. Lack of wholesome restraint is never a proof of wise love; but it is every parent's, pre-eminently every mother's duty, to enter with discerning sympathies and tender forbearance into the deep places of her children's souls, and, quickened by her own experience, to deal softly with their faults and follies, with their infirmities, and weaknesses, and temptations, as mothers will not—mothers that mean to be good mothers too.

Poor little children! When I think of the burdens their small souls have to carry, of the peculiar griefs and trials to which they are subjected, of their incomplete and fragmentary notions regarding things visible and invisible, of their uncertain struggles betwixt right and wrong, of their dim insight into needs and cravings, which they nevertheless feel intensely, my heart is stirred with a great pity for them—a pity that can only anchor itself in the Eternal wisdom, and strength in the knowledge, and above all the unchanging love of the one Parent, closer and tenderer than a mother.

V. F. T.

## EPITAPHS.

There is a great deal of human nature to be learned in a graveyard. There was a great deal of puritanic terrors and gloomy religion in the old skull and cross-bones which one hundred years ago decorated the headstone of every grave in village churchyards. There is a great deal of "sickly sentimentality" upon tombstones now-a-days, indicating that such has taken to a great extent the place of vital religion in the hearts of mankind. There are moreover sweet lessons of trusting faith and Christian heroism to be learned in a graveyard, but it is not of these that we intend to speak here.

A friend having visited Greenwood cemetery in New York not long since, sends us a number of epitaphs culled from the great city of the dead which struck her as peculiar and amusing, and this leads us to speak of one feature of epitaph writing which we have always observed in visiting a cemetery. It seems to be the object oftentimes of mourning friends in erecting a monument to the memory of the departed, by that means to set themselves up before the world as special objects of commiseration. The most forcible illustration of this kind we remember to have seen, was in the case of an afflicted widower, who, in the exuberance of his three weeks' grief, caused to be sculptured upon the marble slab which marked the resting place of his wife, the figure of a man, supposed to be himself, complete to life, even to the stiff hat, with crape band, and a white linen pocket handkerchief, kneeling by the grave of his spouse in an attitude of most profound dejection, while underneath were the words, "My wife's gone home." The peculiar sense of the ludicrous which struck us upon a first inspec-



tion of this dolorous scene was heightened afterwards when we learned that the stricken mourner who had thus immortalized himself in marble, was consoled by a second consort within a period of six months from his first bereavement.

Not long since we were visiting a very beautiful cemetery in one of our large towns, when in a small enclosure we remarked a grave distinguished by a single marble shaft, upon it the simple inscription, "Mother." On either side of this was another, smaller mound, indicating that the mother was sleeping with her children. The thought was touchingly sweet and sad. It seemed as though there were almost companionship in the cold clay, and we turned away, thinking of the quaint request of him who would be laid in death near the one he loved, so that he might see him first on waking in the morning. Opposite us stood a high, showy column, festooned with wreaths and expensive as the sculptor's art could make it; upon it, in large gilt letters, this record:

"My Mother. Erected to her memory by her dutiful and affectionate son William Jones."

The spell was broken. Here was a man, void of delicacy and good breeding, selfish and arrogant, who set himself up in this gayly sculptured marble column to say to the world—"Here am I, William Jones, a most exemplary son, in that I have sacrificed at least two thousand dollars in the purchase of this expensive monument. This woman was chiefly blest in being the progenitor of such a noble specimen of the race as this munificence proves me to be." Our lip curled involuntarily. The record was a stain upon the living, an insult to the dead. What cared we for William Jones? It was of the departed we would learn; but base or column gave no evidence of her, save that she was the mother of the man who had placed them there. Perhaps all inscriptions of this kind are not such gross violations of good taste as was this one, but we have often thought of the remark of a friend who exclaimed, after a half-hour's research among the epitaphs of a cemetery—"Happy souls! to have passed beyond the inflictions of such friends."

The old English gravestones often bear inscriptions which, if rude in rhyme and curt in expression, have at least the merit of candor; such an one as this, for instance:

"My wife is dead, here let her lye,  
She is at rest, and soe am I."

Of similar import is the inscription upon the tomb of one of the forefathers of Virginia, placed there at his own request:

"Here lies John Custis, Aged 71 years, yet lived but seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington, on the eastern shore of Virginia."

In American cemeteries the records seem to be chiefly sentimentalisms and attempts at poetry, more or less amusing, according to the talent employed in their construction. We remember to have seen a very long composition of this kind upon one occasion, which the sculptor found impossible to place upon the face of the stone. Being a very ingenious man, he put at the bottom, like an advertising bill, ("turn over.") The remainder was found upon the opposite side.

From the epitaphs found at Greenwood, we select the following:

"Weep not for me, my Charlotte dear,  
For I am better off;  
I'm sure you know my sufferings here,  
And what a dreadful cough."

But God has taken me home with Him,  
To dwell in Paradise,  
And when you reach that happy land,  
We shall still be man and wife."

"Dearest wife, though our happy union  
Was but short here on earth,  
Through grace, I, and our two little girls,  
Who are left behind, to mourn the loss of their mother,  
Will soon meet you, and our three little children.  
Where sorrow and separation shall be no more,  
And forever dwell with our blessed Redeemer."

This seems to us a very business-like way of putting the matter.

The following were found in Union cemetery, Brooklyn, and have previously been copied into one or two periodicals:

"Too sweet a flower to bloom on earth,  
The rose that crowned our little plot  
Has withered here, to blossom forth  
In a superior flower-pot."

"His body lies in the Union ground,  
His soul has gone to God, who gave it,  
And shall we never hear again  
The prattling of our little Jacob?"

#### REBUKED.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"Why did God destroy the tulips?  
Will you tell me, mamma, dear?  
Lily, crocus and narcissus,  
Not a leaf or bud is here."

"Not destroyed, but only resting  
'Tis not right to murmur so;  
With the spring-time they will blossom—  
Sleeping now beneath the snow."

"And the rill beneath the willows,  
Not a drop of water there;  
Has it run away forever,  
Little brook so clear and fair?"

"Once it turned my wheel so gayly;  
Is it lost—say, do you know?"  
"No, not lost, but only playing  
At bo-peep beneath the snow."

"And the pebbles by the fountain,  
And the clover on the lea,  
Will they come as bright as ever,  
With the spring-time, back to me?"

"Yes, but why these questions, darling?  
All these wonders well you know,  
How the flowers, and brooks, and pebbles,  
Only sleep beneath the snow,

"Till the spring shall come in beauty  
To restore them all again;  
Nothing can be lost forever,  
Nothing has been made in vain."

"Then, when first the snow was falling  
And you wept and shivered so,  
Why did you so sadly whisper,  
Poor papa is 'neath the snow?"

The following was suggested by reading the little incident recorded in the "Home Circle" a month or two since.

### "KISSING A SUNBEAM."

BY ADA HAWLEY.

Once as I passed the open door  
Of a cot whose walls were low and bare,  
I saw a picture on the floor,  
That seemed to me so wondrous fair,  
I paused to gaze, myself unseen;  
A woman, (to whose gentle face  
True mother-love lent air serene,  
Tho' care had left its furrowed trace.)  
Was sitting with her eyes intent  
Upon her work; the room was neat,  
For skilful hands had careful lent  
To lowly home an aspect sweet;  
And near her, bright as poet's dream,  
A babe upon the oaken floor,  
Striving to catch the golden gleam  
Of sunlight glancing through the door.  
Her outstretched hands and eager face  
Fit studies were for artist's skill,  
Which he might well delight to trace  
With truthful thought and earnest will.  
She strove, in vain, to firmly clasp  
What seemed to her a pretty toy  
That touched, eluded still her grasp,  
Yet filled her heart with wondering joy.  
Soon as she found her efforts vain,  
She gave a cry of wild delight;  
And bending 'mid the golden rain,  
She fondly kissed the sunbeam bright.  
The mother gave a sudden start,  
While gladness filled her tearful eyes;  
She caught her darling to her heart,  
And knew her home held one rare prize.  
As I pursued my further way,  
The voice of stream, or song of bird  
Was heeded not; that quivering ray  
Which in an infant's heart had stirred  
Such fount of joy, awoke in mine  
Sweet thought, and this most earnest prayer:  
That God would keep this lowly vine  
So guarded by His tender care,  
That in temptation's darkest hour  
Her path be 'lumed by love's bright ray,  
Until she bloom a perfect flower  
In realms of everlasting day.

WALNUT GROVE, TENN., January 15, 1865.

### A GAIN TO MORALS.

In these days of india rubber consciences and easy-going virtues, when vices are counted only as "amiable weaknesses," and questionable means of personal aggrandizement are too often overlooked by a generous public, it is a pleasure to be able to draw the attention of the readers of the Home Circle to an individual, who, even at the risk of pecuniary sacrifice, is fearless in maintenance of the right.

For many years the "Public Ledger," of Philadelphia, has been the medium of publication for the lowest class of advertisements, the same yielding an annual income of several thousand dollars. This being the cheapest daily issued in our city, has, of course, a very extensive circulation among a class upon whom its moral tone cannot but exert a very palpable influence. In recognition of this important fact, the new publisher of the sheet, our excellent and esteemed

townsman, Mr. Geo. W. Childs, has taken the initiatory step in purging the Ledger of immoralities, and elevating it to the highest standard of purity and moral excellence. All advertisements which are of doubtful character and degrading tendency are to be henceforth carefully excluded from the columns in which they have hitherto constantly appeared.

This reform is equally creditable to the head and heart of the gentleman who has instituted it, and we doubt not that any immediate loss resulting from this movement will be more than compensated by the additional moral and pecuniary support which the Ledger will receive from all intelligent, right-minded people.

### NO WONDER.

One of our most fashionable hair-dressers tells the following good story:

An old Quaker lady was standing at her counter one day, when a gay young girl came in to engage a hair-dresser for the evening. She gave her order hurriedly, saying that she wanted a half dozen "rolls" and a butterfly on the top, a "Grecian" or "waterfall" at the back, with plenty of "puffs" and "curls," and ended with an injunction to send along any quantity of "rats," "mice," and "cataracts."

"Poor child!" said the dear old lady, compassionately, looking after her as she departed—"What a pity she has lost her mind!"

### "FORGOT HIMSELF."

A correspondent vouches for the following:

"Mr. E——, a good-hearted country carpenter, had been engaged in the construction of our new church. Of course, he had been in the habit of conducting himself rather carelessly in the sanctuary. The first day of divine service, he walked into the new edifice and up to his own pew, when, instead of opening the door, as did the rest of the congregation, he indecorously stepped over it, and took his seat, unconscious of his *misstep*, until the expressive smiles of his neighbors apprised him that something ludicrous had occurred."

### CHEAP PARLORS.

The other day I had a glimpse of one of the cosiest little parlors imaginable. It seemed the very centralization of genius and taste, coupled with the most surprising economy. It was the arrangement, the combination, the *tout ensemble*, that made the impression.

I have visited parlors lavish in wealth, in display, in magnificence. Carpeting from Turkey, statuary from Florence, tapestries from Persia, chandeliers of overwrought massiveness, ottomans of silk—all the et ceteras of oriental indolence and deliciousness. Yet to me they were far less attractive than the little parlor in question. They were oppressively grand, inharmoniously blended, stifling in their atmosphere. They were less home-like, less tasteful, less preferable.

The room was small, papered with light paper of a small figure and with a delicate sprinkling of gold. The bordering was narrow, blushing with roses of scarlet and crimson, and so natural that you thought you smelt their perfume in the air or saw their leaves tremble. Here and there were little cornices of varnished leather-work, with an owl's head or something of the kind peering from brackets below, and sur-

mounted by tiny but faultless statues of plaster paris. Several exquisite engravings, received in connection with magazine subscriptions, adorned the walls. The frames were of common pine, but cunningly hid from view by wrappings of pink tissue paper.

The what-not, upon which innumerable "little-or-nothings" were tastefully arranged, was of home manufacture; gnarled roots varnished and ornamented with burr-work, and the shelves uniquely supported. The lounge was also home made, well stuffed and covered with chintz. The carpet was low-priced, but beautiful in colors and design, and corresponding with the general arrangement of the room. The chairs were unpretentious; but instead of being pushed against the walls square and prim, stood free, and faced out obliquely. The centre-table was of white pine, covered with pictures grave and gay, artistically transferred upon varnished enamel—also the work of the good lady of the house. The following is the inventory of this inviting boudoir:—

Centre-table, home made,	- - - - -	\$4.00
Lounge, do. do. - - - - -	- - - - -	5.00
What-not, do. do. - - - - -	- - - - -	2.00
Chairs, - - - - -	- - - - -	18.00
Rocking-chair, - - - - -	- - - - -	5.00
Carpeting, - - - - -	- - - - -	20.00
Blinds, - - - - -	- - - - -	6.00
		\$60.00

The home made articles are only valued at the cost of the material employed. The summary shows at what a small cost taste, genius and labor can furnish a room—one that will be handsome, cosy, comfortable, though perhaps not strictly fashionable.

MT. JOY, PA.

F. H. STAUFFER.

### A DISTINCTION.

Many years ago, says the Presbyterian, when new sects in New England began to break the good old Congregational barriers, and make incursions into the sheepfolds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine—a man at once of infinite good sense and good humor—encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, and at length the interloper, finding more than his match at polemic, wound up by saying—

"Well, doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commanded to preach the gospel to every critter."

"True," rejoined the doctor, "true enough. But then I never did hear it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the gospel."

A young lady on being asked what calling she wished her sweetheart to follow, blushing replied that she wished him to be a husbandman.

It is not the finest house and softest bed that make the happiest heart. When Jacob lay upon the ground, with a stone for a pillow, he dreamed about the angels all night.

### ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

#### I.

I am composed of 37 letters. My 25, 37, 16, 10, was a Spartan king; my 13, 2, 22, 23, is a Union general; my 37, 25, 21, 9, 10, was a general of the Revolution; my 6, 23, 17, 10, 22, 37, 19, 16, was a Spartan law-giver; my 25, 10, 1, was an American general of the Revolution; my 3, 25, 23, 30, 30, was an American general of

the Revolution; my 33, 23, 22, 5, 11, was a British general and royal governor of New York; my 25, 22, 23, 21, 19, 10, was a Grecian general; my 11, 9, 27, 10, 12, 31, was a distinguished commodore of the British navy; my 35, 25, is an abbreviation for one of the United States; my 6, 15, 20, 24, 7, 27, 26, was an American general of the Revolution; my 37, 22, 2, 23, was a British general of the Revolution; my 24, 22, 13, 37, 4, 25, 31, was a brave major of the war of 1812-13; my 8, 25, 11, 22, 30, 31, 16, 10, 9, 6, 25, 2, 22, was an American general of 1812-13; my 29, 35, 24, 30, we should all avoid; my 3, 28, 32, 6, is a Union general; my 32, 13, 34, 28, was a Roman general, who killed himself by falling upon his sword; my whole is a true saying.

M. D. L. B.

#### II.

I am composed of 14 letters. My 12, 4, 14, 7, 0, 2, 4, is something to guess; my 10, 13, 7, is a color; my 8, 1, 7, 13, we are commanded not to do; my 6, 5, 11, 3, forms the principle substance of the Richmond Dispatch; my whole is the grandest army in the world.

AUGUSTA.

#### III.

I am composed of 13 letters. My 1, 2, 6, 3, was the first man; my 12, 11, 11, 6, is a girl's name; my 8, 9, 11, 1, 11, 9, is a vegetable; my 7, 4, 3, 12, is an article much used; my 13, 9, 3, 12, was an ancient city; my 10, 6, 11, is an animal much despised; my 9, 5, 2, 5, is what we ought to have in all schools; my whole is one of our country's naval commanders.

C. F. C.

#### IV.

I am composed of 10 letters. My 8, 1, 2, is the home of the wild beast; my 4, 5, 3, 7, 8, is a line; my 5, 9, 7, 3, is a beautiful heroine, whose woes are told in pathetic rhyme; my 6, 10, 2, 6, is a lady's name; my 10, 9, 8, is a gentleman's nickname; my whole is the title of a charming poem.

#### V.

What kind of a bush do the guerillas prefer? Ambush.

LITTLE RHODE.

#### VI.

My first is a part of a ship; my second is one of the vowels; my third you will find among the underbrush of a forest; my whole is man's guiding-star to Heaven.

F. R. B.

#### VII.

#### ANAGRAMS.

#### TO BE TRANSPOSED INTO NAMES OF PLANTS.

- |                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. One name.      | 5. Mary is all. |
| 2. Set Claims.    | 6. As Lamb.     |
| 3. A sore chin.   | 7. Scan a hut.  |
| 4. Ah! a cistern. |                 |

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., in April number:—1. Constantinople. 2. George Washington. 3. The Star Spangled Banner.

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS DEPARTMENT.—Those who send Enigmas, &c., should append the answers to the same; otherwise, we shall not be able to publish them.

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

**TO PICKLE OYSTERS.**—Wash four dozen of the largest oysters you can get, in their own liquor; wipe them dry; strain the liquor off, adding to it a dessert-spoonful of pepper, two blades of mace, a tablespoonful of salt, three of white wine, and four of vinegar. Simmer the oysters a few minutes in the liquor, then put them into small unglazed stone jars, or green glass jars; boil the pickles up; skim it, and when cold, pour it over the oysters; tie them down with a bladder over them. For lunch or supper, with a small cracker biscuit, they are excellent.

**TO DYE A FINE BLUE.**—Soak white silk, stuff, or cloth, in water; then, after wringing out, add two pounds of woad, a pound of indigo, and three ounces of alum. Give the water a gentle heat, and then dip till the color takes completely.

**HONEY CAKE.**—One cup of nice sugar, one cup of rich sour cream, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour. Flavor to the taste. Bake half an hour. To be eaten while warm.

**PICKLED EGGS.**—At the season of the year when eggs are plentiful, boil some four or six dozen in a capacious saucepan, until they become quite hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mounted jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves or garlic. When cold, bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive, and is a relishing accompaniment to cold meat.

**COFFING WRITING.**—If a little sugar be added to the ink, a copy of the writing may easily be taken off by laying a sheet of unsized paper, dampened with a sponge, on the written paper, and passing over it a flatiron, moderately heated.

**GINGER CAKES.**—One cup of sugar, one of butter, one of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Bake quickly.

## TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

### FASHIONS.

People seem to be very independent in the matter of fashions this spring. The bonnet, so it is crownless and curtainless, may be made of almost any light material, such as lace, crepe or silk, and may be variously trimmed with flowers, ruchings, lace and ribbons. The half-fitting basques of light color, with black passementerie trimmings, will be very much worn.

Very few loose mantles of any description are to be seen, and are very rarely found in the Parisian fashion plates. At this the belles will greatly rejoice, since there is no garment so universally becoming, or so easy and comfortable to wear as the basquine.

The new style of opening the dress at the back seems to be received with general favor. They are sometimes worn with a short sacque opening in the same manner.

The petticoats which are worn under these dresses are usually of a bright color, contrasting in hue, and occasionally in material, with the dress. Sometimes the petticoat is simulated—that is, both front and back breadth form part of the regular skirt, and are pleated up with the other breadths—this is the more general plan. But there are many who wear an entire petticoat of bright-colored silk, the skirt being fastened midway over it, and then allowed to open. By referring to the fashion-plate which we issued with our journal of February, our readers will at once understand this now fashionable style of make.

The newest cambrics for spring wear are colored stripes on white grounds and Persian shawl patterns upon buff grounds. The stripes are quite half an inch wide, and are of a full color—bright green, blue, mauve, pink, orange and black, and these all upon white grounds. The plaid stripes are softer and more

delicate than the self-colored ones; these are likewise on white grounds, and are three inches wide. The Persian shawl, or chintz, wilt, it is prophesied, be more popular during the forthcoming spring and summer than any other patterns upon cambric dresses, and they will be trimmed with the Persian braids. Morning walking-dresses will be made slightly full at the waist, with broad bands and sashes tied at the back.

Garibaldi bodices are as popular as ever. Many fresh ones have been prepared for spring wear, but they are still "the old familiar" shape, with tucks both back and front, and small bishop's sleeves, with epaulettes at the top, and a deep cuff at the wrist. Fine white cashmere is a material much used for these favorite bodices, and the tucks are headed with lines of either cashmere braid or narrow ribbon-velvet of a bright color, such as cerise, bright blue or mauve; but the narrow cashmere braids are more convenient, for when trimmed with these, the Garibaldi bodices can be worn with any skirt. The poplinettes, poplins de laine, French poplins, and Shanghai foulards, are, for the present, the popular materials for morning wear. The weather is as yet too uncertain for cambrics and piques.

The Shoe Work-bag, which will be found in the Magazine this month, is made of bronze kid, neatly finished. The sole is detached, and forms a needle-book; the heel is a pin cushion. The bag can be made of almost any bright-colored silk, such as scarlet, cerise, or blue. The acorns decorating the shoe are the wax and emery bag. The length of the shoe is about five inches.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**AMERICAN UNION SPEAKER.** By John D. Philbrick, Superintendent of the Common Schools of Boston. Boston: Taggard & Thomson.

We are glad to see something fresh in the way of declamation for school-boys. Since first we found ourselves on the front bench of the old brown school-house, listening in rapt wonder to the large boys who discoursed with astonishing eloquence, Mitford's "Rienzi," Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," "Othello's Defence," "Patrick Henry's Address," and "Mark Antony's Funeral Oration," there has been little variation in subjects of school oratory. The feature of this book, which has been most severely criticised, but which we especially like, is that it contains copious extracts from the floating literature of the day. Enthusiastic bursts of patriotism which were called forth by the events of this present struggle, and stirring lyrics commemorative of startling exploits which have occurred during the past five years. These have evidently been selected with great care, and are mostly from the pens of our standard authors. Among them we notice Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie," Longfellow's "Cumberland," with selections from Bryant, Holmes and Boker. In addition to these we have extracts from the speeches of Everett, Banks, Butler, Stephens and Sumner, relating to the issues of the present day. These seem to us to be especially commended from the fact that they appeal directly to the school-boy's heart and understanding, comprehending fully, as every American lad does, the principles which are involved, and the questions which are discussed, having within himself a remembrance of the incidents related, and perchance a personal interest in the same.

Of course we find here all the old standard favorites also, and the work with its excellent introductory preface on elocution, and its biographical appendix, may be considered the best of its class now published in our land.

**THREE YEARS IN THE ARMY.** By Captain Blake. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The writer was a captain in the eleventh Massachusetts, and has been in the Army of the Potomac from the time of the battle of Bull Run, with which the book opens, up to a very recent date. The work is entertainingly written, and is in many points very instructive. It will be read with great interest by all, and especially by those who have had a personal interest in the great army of Virginia and its numerous commanders.

**VANITY FAIR.** By Wm. Makepeace Thackeray. 3 Vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Harpers are entitled to the thanks of the American public for this beautiful edition of one of the choicest works of the great English author. Type, illustration and binding are complete. The volumes unapproachable. Vanity Fair, ever eagerly sought after by the American public, will now, from its attractive exterior, be more heartily welcomed than ever before. The publication of this edition is but a fitting tribute of respect to the great genius whose name is a household word both in England and America, of whom Charlotte Brontë wrote—"His wit is bright, his

humor attractive; but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb." We hope to see Thackeray's other works issued in uniform edition with this. Such an enterprise cannot but prove remunerative to the publishers and highly acceptable to the public.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LYMAN BEECHER.** By Charles Beecher. Vol. 2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Of course the details of the private life of this man, so familiar to the public through his own works and those of his family, cannot but prove interesting. The smallest incidents of his history are here recorded with little minutiae of family matters, which are rarely given to the world in so prolific a form as this work presents them.

**GROUP OF CHILDREN AND OTHER POEMS.** By D. C. Colesworthy. Boston.

A collection of short poems, old and new, containing much beauty of sentiment and full of moral truth.

**RITTER'S COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY.** By Carl Ritter. Translated by Gage. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We welcome heartily this translation of Ritter's estimable work into English in a concise form, that makes it convenient as a book of reference and for the use of schools. No nation has considered the study of geography in so scientific a light as Germany, and no country has produced such scholarly geographers as this. Humboldt and Ritter together stand the great lights of this century in scientific research upon the surface of the earth.

**THE CULTURE OF THE OBSERVING FACULTIES IN THE FAMILY AND IN THE SCHOOL; OR, THINGS ABOUT HOME, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM INSTRUCTIVE TO THE YOUNG.** By Warton Burton, author of "The District School as it Was," "Helps to Education," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1865.

A charming little work; most inviting in its external aspect; written in a clear, simple and graceful style; full of wise and exceedingly valuable suggestions to all who are entrusted with the care and training of children, and breathing throughout that pure, sweet and loving spirit, that reminds one perpetually of the odor of spring flowers. What, for example, could be more simple, true and graceful, than these "Few Words" addressed by the author to parents, and all those who have the care of children?

"FRIENDS—If you would go hand in hand with genial Nature, and have children learn easily and much from things all around them as instructive as books; if you would enjoy sensible, animated and charming talks with quick-witted and blithe companions; if you would have the dear learners grateful long afterwards for a culture peculiarly qualifying them for life's practical affairs; if, withal, you would learn much yourselves while teaching others, please put in practice the suggestions of this little book."

And we take pleasure in adding our advice to that



of the author, wishing, at the same time, that a copy of this work were in the hands of every parent and teacher in our country.

**MEDITATIONS ON THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY, AND ON THE RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.** By M. Guizot. Translated from the French. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 1865.

An earnest and able vindication of Christianity—its truth, reasonableness and complete adaptation to our human wants, by one whose vigorous sentences, replete with thought, always impress us with the conviction that he writes because he has something to say. The present volume is the first of a series, to be followed by three others. The author here seeks to explain and establish what, in his opinion, constitutes the essence of the Christian religion. His arguments are addressed chiefly to that class of moderns, but not very profound thinkers, who are inclined to deny the supernatural world, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the

Divinity of Jesus Christ. To all such, if they will read it with attention, the work is calculated to be eminently useful. The usual clearness and vigor of thought, which characterize all his other works, are to be met with in these *Meditations*. The translation is well executed, preserving with remarkable fidelity the author's smooth and graceful style, which is one of his peculiar charms.

**LECTURES ON THE NEW DISPENSATION, SIGNIFIED BY THE NEW JERUSALEM.** By B. F. Barrett. (Sixth Edition.) Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1865.

The design of this work is to unfold and explain the leading doctrines of the New Church, as taught in the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. It is written in an earnest and Christian spirit, and the fact of its having passed to the sixth edition shows that it is generally accepted by the students of Swedenborg's writings as a faithful exposition of the New Theology.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### VACANT ROOMS.

I was forcibly struck not long ago, with the remark of a friend, whose words I may not be able now to repeat exactly, but I can their spirit. "It is my earnest conviction, that every man and woman living in a home of their own, with rooms enough and to spare, owes it as a thank offering to God, to give some soul less blessed than themselves—some poor, tired, bewildered homeless soul shelter and rest under their own roof."

Now, this general rule would not reach all cases, but its application may be far wider and deeper than any of us suppose. For my own part, I think there is always something sadly suggestive in a large, lonely, half or two-thirds unoccupied house—a house which only three or four people inhabit. And the handsomer the house is, the more complete and elegant its appointments from basement to attic, the more painful, the more reproachful seems its general unavailability. Those stories of silent, darkened chambers—those lonely rooms that stand unoccupied year by year, seem to hold some pathos in their stillness, some dumb sense of their power to take into themselves souls weary and bewildered, adrift on the great currents of human life.

I know it is not a pleasant thing to have the sanctity of one's home perpetually invaded by a stranger—not agreeable to have any faces but the dear home-one's always planted at the table, and that the sort of people who would be most likely to accept such perennial hospitality, would not frequently afford the most valuable qualities for domestic intimacy.

But the mere *lodging* a person does not necessarily involve anything beyond either on the part of giver or recipient, and an offer of this sort could usually be "put" with such an art, and the obligation clothed with such a kindly disguise of words, that it should not weigh heavily on a sensitive and delicate nature.

Oh, you who pick lint and make jellies for the soldiers—you give your time, your strength, your means with a faithfulness and generosity that does you honor, my countrymen; but, as you sit in the midst of your pleasant homes, do you ever take into your thought the mothers and wives, the daughters and sisters on whom this war has fallen so heavily.

How many there are, refined, sensitive, delicate women, from whose life the strong prop, the sheltering love is removed, and who willing and glad themselves to stand up and bear their burdens bravely, still find, with these times, their salaries inadequate to their support! Take many of the school teachers for instance, as they are paid in our public and private institutions; one wonders, at the present enormous prices for food and clothing, how they manage to exist at all!

And it is for such women I now plead—women refined, well-bred as yourselves, who are subjected to the discomforts and inconveniences of some dingy attic in a third-rate boarding-house, and to whom any offer of charity, as such, would be a humiliation felt just as keenly as you would feel one; and yet, to whom a temporary lodging in one of the stately chambers, whose silence is seldom broken by the footfall of friend or guest, would be just the one thing they need, closing them about with a sense of luxurious rest, and this class of women would never be likely to make their presence an intrusion on the privacy of the home circle.

It may be that you are of the number of those whose husbands and fathers have "struck oil," or made fortunes in speculations or "army contracts" during the last years, and that your home, in its new elegance and luxury, bears evidence of all this. But if it be so, remember that you are among the few fortunate exceptions—remember, too, that this war has walked in wrath and desolation over many homes, pleasant as yours was at its opening.

It is painful and full of sad suggestion to any generous soul to read the advertising list in the daily papers now a days, and see what a plethora there is of women seeking various situations in private families, where they can obtain for their services the remuneration of a home. The conditions which produce this state of things are liable to be more or less active for several years to come.

In the cities the rents are inflated, and all available room is crowded, and it is pitiful to think of women young, shrinking, fragile, going about from house to house, seeking boarding places, with their slender salaries, which just now, will not afford them the com-

## ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

forts of life. And will not the thought of these sisters of yours haunt you sometimes, and will not the memory of your great vacant chambers sometimes reproach you when you lie down at night on your luxurious couches, and will not that command of the Scriptures come to you with a power, and scope, and significance, such as it never did before, "Given to hospitality?"

And being this, in the way that I have indicated, may very naturally occasion one a little trouble, a little annoyance, but after all, it will be doing good, or trying to, and what are we living for but this, and what shall we have in a little while, to carry into eternity, but that which each one has sought to do in the name and for the sake of our Master.

And if, through the words I have written, one soul, or yet more, of woman, homeless, perplexed, adrift, shall find anchorage and shelter in its strait and need under some kindly roof, thank God who put it into my heart to write this—and yet again—thank God!

V. F. T.

### THE FUTURE OF REBELS.

The future of the rebellious States is a question fraught with the most momentous interests. What is to be their status when the war ends, as end it must in the complete triumph of the national cause? Shall the crime of treason, with all the terrible consequences it has inflicted upon our people, be forgiven as something half justified, or venial? Are men whose hands are red with fratricidal blood—men who, incited by selfish and cruel ambition, plunged a prosperous and happy nation into awful war—men under whose authority and sanction our prisoners have been murdered by the slow tortures of starvation—men who have subjected loyal citizens to the cruellest wrongs and tortures—are these men to come back into the Union and take their old places of political influence? Are they to be parties to the reorganization of State governments? Think of it, true men and loyal citizens! Will it be right, and safe? Will such a course give indemnity for the future? Are such base and bad men to be trusted? We wave all questions of retribution. We say nothing of violated laws—nothing of justice. But we ask if such a course will be right and safe?

It does not come clearly within the scope of this magazine to discuss political questions; but when we find leading and influential journals, and hear leading and influential men, argue in favor of a wholesale amnesty, and letting each rebellious State resume its old place in the Union by a simple compliance with election laws, we must utter our protest against such blind folly. Not this, unless every leading rebel be disfranchised. To give these men, who hate the Federal Union, and who have done all they could to destroy it, the rights of citizenship, would be as wise as to attempt to build the walls of a temple with intermingled clay and stone.

Having forfeited all their rights under the constitution, the people of the Southern States can claim no rights. Failing in their gigantic crime, they must submit to such a just and merciful disposition of their case, as the loyal people through Congress may deem best and safest. If any are dissatisfied, let them leave the country. This nation is for true and loyal citizens, not for traitors.

### OUR NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.

Among all the appointments of President Lincoln to foreign courts, we know not one wherein he has displayed more true wisdom and singular good judgment

than in that of a successor to the late Hon. William L. Dayton to the court of Louis Napoleon. All loyal Americans have cause to rejoice that, in the appointment of a new ambassador to France, a man so well qualified to represent our country abroad, every way so worthy the high office of Minister Plenipotentiary to one of the first courts of Europe as Hon. John Bigelow, should have been the choice of President Lincoln. Mr. Bigelow is not a politician—certainly not one of the hackneyed tribe—though few men in our country probably understand political science better than he. Previous to his appointment as Consul to Paris, he had been but little known to the American people generally; though, to a large and appreciative circle of friends, he had been known for a number of years as one of the able editors of the *New York Evening Post*, the accomplished scholar, the clear thinker, the graceful writer, the genial companion, the modest gentleman, the true patriot, the large-minded, noble-hearted upright, honest and truly conscientious man. The President could hardly have selected a man better qualified than Mr. Bigelow for this high and responsible position. And in view of the present state of our country, and the possible troubles and complications with European powers which a wise and prudent policy may prevent, it is a matter of the first importance that our foreign ministers be men of the right stamp—wise, capable, upright, discreet. The country may rest satisfied that in Mr. Bigelow we have such a minister.

### PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

We would refer dealers in card photographs to the advertisement of Philadelphia Photographic Co., No. 730 Chestnut street. The *Cartes de Visite* manufactured by this company are of the finest quality, and all who order from them can rely upon a prompt delivery of goods. They have commenced putting into market some choice "Specialties."

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### THE HOME MAGAZINE.

#### YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, - - - - -	\$2.50
3 copies, - - - - -	6.00
5 copies, and one to getter-up of club, - - -	10.00
9 copies, - - - - -	15.00

✂ A beautiful PREMIUM PLATE, entitled "THE INFANCY OF SHAKESPEARE," will be mailed to each person who sends us a club of subscribers. It will also be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we receive \$2.50.

✂ We do not require all the subscribers in a club to be at the same post-office. Additions can at any time be made to clubs, at the club rates.

✂ Canada subscribers must add twelve cents on each subscription, for pre-payment of United States postage.

✂ For \$4.50 we will send one copy each of *HOME MAGAZINE* and *GOSSET'S LADY'S BOOK* for a year.

### BOOKS BY MAIL.

The following books by T. S. ARTHUR will be sent from office of *Home Magazine* by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

NOTHING BUT MONEY, - - -	\$1.50
HOME STORIES, Three vols., - -	3.00
LIGHT ON SHADOWED PATHS, - -	1.50
OUT IN THE WORLD, - - -	1.50
Also the following, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND:-	
BATTLE-FIELDS OF OUR FATHERS, -	1.50
LIVING AND LOVING, - - -	1.50
WHILE IT WAS MORNING, - - -	1.50